ACADEMY CLASSICS

# AS YOU LIKE IT

SHAKESPEARE

ALLYN AND BACON

Chuck Berry

9th

1926 1927

Page 31

Learn song another

was sung America

Have it learn

by Thurs Jan. 19, 192

R.C.L.

~~Charles Berry~~

~~4th~~

~~1926 27~~

~~EARLE BERRY~~

Ralph C. Schafer

Freshmen

1927-1928.

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*He lay along*
*Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out*
*Upon the brook.*

— Act II. Scene 1.

The Academy Classics

# SHAKESPEARE

# AS YOU LIKE IT

EDITED WITH A LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE, AN ACCOUNT OF THE THEATRE IN HIS TIME, AND NUMEROUS AIDS TO THE STUDY OF THE PLAY

BY

SAMUEL THURBER, JR.

AND

LOUISE WETHERBEE

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

ALLYN AND BACON

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

ATLANTA SAN FRANCISCO

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FAF

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# FOREWORD

In revising the edition of *As You Like It*, published thirty years ago by Samuel Thurber, Sr., the editors have been influenced by the changed condition in high schools since the time when his work was done. The greater number of pupils, the consequent inadequacy of reference material, the more general and less specialized literary preparation, and the broader aims and ideals of the rising generation — all these conditions demand a different type of annotation from that of twenty years ago.

Recent problems in teaching *As You Like It* with college preparatory, commercial, and technical classes have led us to include in the present edition the following features not found in Mr. Thurber's work: a fuller and more informational array of notes; a study of the structural elements of the play; a discussion of the sources of the comedy; comments of well-known persons on the characters of the drama; a list of familiar quotations from *As You Like It;* an account of Shakespeare, the man, — his life, work, reputation, and the theatre for which he wrote; a list of topics for oral and written composition; and finally a rather complete glossary of difficult words and phrases for the convenience of the student. These features will be found in the appendix following the text of the play.

## Foreword.

It is hoped that this additional material will not only increase the interest and inspiration of the student, but that it will lighten the labor of the teacher.

SAMUEL THURBER, JR.
LOUISE WETHERBEE.

# CONTENTS


PAGE

List of Illustrations . . . . . vii

Milton's Sonnet on Shakespeare . . . . . ix

As You Like It . . . . . 1

Appendix

The Writing and Publication of As You Like It . . 95
Sources of Material Used by Shakespeare in As You Like It . . . . . 97
Time Duration of As You Like It . . . . . 107
General Characteristics of the Play . . . . . 109
Comments upon the Characters . . . . . 114
Familiar Passages in As You Like It . . . . . 127
What We Know about Shakespeare . . . . . 131
Shakespeare's Plays and Poems . . . . . 144
Shakespeare's Popularity in His Own Day . . . 158
Shakespeare's Fame since His Death . . . . . 163
The Theatre of Shakespeare's Day . . . . . 172
Books of Interest to Students of Shakespeare . . . 194

Explanatory Notes . . . . . 197

Subjects for Oral and Written Composition . . . 244

Glossary . . . . . 251

# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

*He lay along*
*Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out,*
*Upon the brook.*
— Act II, Scene 1 . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

*For my part, he keeps me rustically at home.*
— Act I, Scene 1 . . . . . 1

*I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.*
— Act I, Scene 2 . . . . . 8

*Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.*
— Act I, Scene 2 . . . . . 14

*Anon a careless herd,*
*Full of the pasture, jumps along by him*
*And never stays to greet him.*
— Act II, Scene 1 . . . . . 24

*O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!*
— Act II, Scene 4 . . . . . 28

*Find out thy brother, whereso'er he is.*
— Act III, Scene 1 . . . . . 41

*Wast ever in court, shepherd?*
— Act III, Scene 2 . . . . . 44

*I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.*
— Act III, Scene 2 . . . . . 48

*Come apace, good Audrey.*
— Act III, Scene 3 . . . . . 56

# List of Illustrations.


FACING PAGE

*Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me.*
— Act III, Scene 5 . . . . . 60

*Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?*
— Act IV, Scene 1 . . . . . 68

*A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees.*
— Act IV, Scene 3 . . . . . 74

*Abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest.*
— Act V, Scene 1 . . . . . 80

*To see no pastime I; what you would have*
*I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave.*
— Act V, Scene 4 . . . . . 92

Shakespeare's House at Stratford-on-Avon . . . . 134
The Room Where Shakespeare Was Born . . . . 134
Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Shottery . . . . . 136
Interior of Anne Hathaway's Cottage . . . . . 136
Holy Trinity Parish Church, Stratford-on-Avon . . . 142
Inscription on Shakespeare's Tomb . . . . . 142
Inscription on Shakespeare's Monument, Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon . . . . . 142
The Globe Theatre . . . . . 180
Interior of an Elizabethan Theatre . . . . . 180

## SHAKESPEARE

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piléd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepúlchred, in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

*For my part, he keeps me rustically at home.*

— Act I. Scene 1.

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in banishment.
FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, JAQUES, } lords attending on the banished duke.
LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.
CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.
ADAM, DENNIS, } servants to Oliver.
TOUCHSTONE, a clown.
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.
CORIN, SILVIUS, } shepherds.
WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.
A person representing Hymen.
ROSALIND, daughter to the banished duke.
CELIA, daughter to Frederick.
PHEBE, a shepherdess.
AUDREY, a country wench.
Lords, pages, and attendants, etc.
SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *Orchard of* OLIVER'S *house.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion, — he bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at

home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

*Enter* OLIVER.

*Oli.* Now, sir! what make you here?

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orl.* O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

*Oli.* What, boy!

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

*Adam.* Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father

left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

*Enter* DENNIS.

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter* CHARLES.

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

*Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old

news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

*Cha.* O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old duke live?

*Cha.* They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay

him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles: it is the stubbornest young fellow of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so God keep your worship!

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly be-

loved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Lawn before the* DUKE'S *palace.*

*Enter* CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. 5

*Cel.* Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee. 12

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. 21

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport, then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE.

*Cel.* No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

*Ros.* Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses and hath sent this natural for

*I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.*
— Act I. Scene 2.

our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes and swore by his honor the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honor him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

*Ce.* By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-crammed.

*Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

*Enter* LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

*Le Beau.* Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport! of what color?

*Le Beau.* What color, madam! how shall I answer you?

*Ros.* As wit and fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the Destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

*Ros.* Thou losest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three sons, —

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

*Ros.* With bills on their necks, "Be it known unto all men by these presents."

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas!

*Touch.* But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish. Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, *and* Attendants.

*Duke F.* Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

*Duke F.* How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

*Duke F.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you; there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Duke F.* Do so: I'll not be by.

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

*Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

*Orl.* No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgement, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We

pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me, the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you!

*Cha.* Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

*Orl.* Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Duke F.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* An you mean to mock me after, you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*

*Ros.* O excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout. Charles is thrown.*

*Duke F.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

*Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Duke F.* Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

*Duke F.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteemed thy father honorable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Fred., train, and Le Beau.*

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,

*Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.*
— Act I. Scene 2.

I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* Gentleman,
[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

*Cel.* Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

*Ros.* He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz?

*Ros.* Have with you. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

*Re-enter* LE BEAU.

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause and love,
Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet indeed the lesser is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banished duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

## Scene III. *A room in the palace.*

*Enter* Celia *and* Rosalind.

*Cel.* Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

*Ros.* No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try, if I could cry "hem" and have him.

*Cel.* Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

*Ros.* O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

*Ros.* The duke my father loved his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

*Ros.* Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter* DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords.

*Duke F.* Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Duke F.* You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:
If with myself I hold intelligence
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic, —
As I do trust I am not — then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn

Did I offend your highness.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

*Duke F.* Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

*Ros.* So was I when your highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banished him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Duke F.* Ay, Celia; we stayed her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

*Duke F.* She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;

And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she is banished.
*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.
*Duke F.* You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*
*Cel.* O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.
*Ros.* I have more cause.
*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?
*Ros.* That he hath not.
*Cel.* No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sundered? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?
*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
*Ros.* Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and — in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will —
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
*Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?
*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together,
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter* DUKE Senior, AMIENS, *and two or three* Lords, *like foresters.*

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference, as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
"This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing.

*Ami.* I would not change it. Happy is your grace
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*Duke S.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads

Have their round haunches gored.

*First Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

*First Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:" then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company:" anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him

And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.

*Duke S.* And did you leave him in this contemplation?

*Sec. Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke S.* Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

*First Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene II. *A room in the palace.*

*Enter* Duke Frederick, *with* Lords.

*Duke F.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*First Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

*Sec. Lord.* My Lord, the roynish clown, at whom so oft

*Anon a careless herd,*
*Full of the pasture, jumps along by him*
*And never stays to greet him.*

— Act II. Scene 1.

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

*Duke F.* Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene III. *Before* Oliver's *house.*

*Enter* Orlando *and* Adam, *meeting.*

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Adam.* What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother — no, no brother; yet the son —
Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father —
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.

*Orl.* What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame

And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter* Rosalind *for* Ganymede, Celia *for* Aliena, *and* Touchstone.

*Ros.* O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Ros.* [*Aside*] I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore — courage, good Aliena!

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

*Enter* Corin *and* Silvius.

Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!*
— Act II. Scene 4.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!
*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.
*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine —
As sure I think did never man love so —
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?
*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.
*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*Touch.* And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We that are true lovers run into strange

capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

*Ros.* Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla, you clown!

*Ros.* Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed
And faints for succor.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote, his flocks and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?
*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying any thing.
*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.
*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.
*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene V. *The forest.*

*Enter* Amiens, Jaques, *and others.*

Song.

*Ami.* Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* More, more, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

*Ami.* More at your request than to please myself.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats

And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes: —

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

*Ami.* What's that "ducdame"?

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

## Scene VI. *The forest.*

*Enter* Orlando *and* Adam.

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt.*

## Scene VII. *The forest.*

*A table set out. Enter* Duke senior, Amiens, *and* Lords *like* outlaws.

*Duke S.* I think he be transformed into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

*First Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

*Duke S.* If he, compact of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

*Enter* Jaques.

*First Lord.* He saves my labor by his own approach.

*Duke S.* Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company?
What, you look merrily!

*Jaq.* A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:"
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative,
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

*Duke S.* What fool is this?

*Jaq.* O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed
With observation the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.
*Duke S.* Thou shalt have one.
*Jaq.* It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgements
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The " why " is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
*Duke S.* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
*Jaq.* What, for a counter, would I do but good?
*Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself; if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man. But who comes here?

*Enter* ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn.*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more.

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?

*Duke S.* Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress,
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orl.* You touched my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered.

*Jaq.* An you will not be answered with reason, I must die.

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food; and let me have it.

*Duke S.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke S.* True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knolled to church
And sat at good men's feasts and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministered.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn

And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

*Duke S.* Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort: [*Exit.*

*Duke S.* Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;

And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

*Re-enter* ORLANDO *with* ADAM.

*Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke S.* Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

*Ami.* Blow, blow, thou winter wind
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

*Find out thy brother, whereso'er he is.*

— Act III. Scene 1.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, &c.

*Duke S.* If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whispered faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limned and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

### Scene I. *A room in the palace.*

*Enter* Duke Frederick, Lords, *and* Oliver.

*Duke F.* Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, whereso'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.

Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.

*Oli.* O that your highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

*Duke F.* More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene II. *The forest.*

*Enter* Orlando, *with a paper, which he hangs on a tree.*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witnessed every where.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Corin *and* Touchstone.

*Cor.* And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it

is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? 21

*Cor.* No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath earned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd? 31

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damned.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope, —

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg all on one side. 36

*Cor.* For not being at court? Your reason.

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd. 42

*Cor.* Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the

court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touch.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

*Cor.* And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

*Touch.* Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. — Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

*Wast ever in court, shepherd?*

— Act III. Scene 2.

*Enter* ROSALIND, *with a paper, reading.*

*Ros.* From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

*Touch.* I'll rime you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

*Ros.* Out, fool!

*Touch.* This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

*Ros.* Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

*Enter* CELIA, *with a writing.*

*Ros.* Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

*Cel.* [*Reads*]

Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No:
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be filled
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distilled
Helen's cheek but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised,
Of many faces, eyes and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

*Ros.* O most gentle Jupiter! What tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

*Cel.* How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses?

*Ros.* O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree. I was never so berimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you who hath done this?

*Ros.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

*Ros.* I prithee, who?

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord! it is hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all hooping! 167

*Ros.* Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who it is quickly and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. — Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard? 178

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid. 186

*Cel.* I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What

*I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.*

— Act III. Scene 2.

said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

*Ros.* It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

*Ros.* O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden: thou bringest me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Cel.* You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

*Ros.* 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orl.* And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God be wi' you; let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no moe of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

*Orl.* Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

*Jaq.* There I shall see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*

*Ros.* [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

*Orl.* Very well: what would you?

*Ros.* I pray you what is't o'clock?

*Orl.* You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between

the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain, the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury; these Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*Ros.* I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man: one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a

woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I prithee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shaked: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek, which you have not, a blue eye and sunken, which you have not, an unquestionable spirit, which you have not, a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your

accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my

suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't. 381

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is. 386

*Ros.* Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth. 390

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

## Scene III. *The forest.*

*Enter* Touchstone *and* Audrey; Jaques *behind.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features? 5

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

*Jaq.* [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house! 10

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what "poetical" is; is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*Jaq.* [*Aside*] A material fool!

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who

*Come apace, good Audrey.*

— Act III. Scene 3.

hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

*Jaq.* [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! Here comes Sir Oliver.

*Enter* Sir Oliver Martext.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*Advancing*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good Master What-ye-call 't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like green timber, warp, warp.

*Touch.* [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married.
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not, —

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:

but, —

Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone and Audrey.*

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

## Scene IV. *The forest.*

*Enter* Rosalind *and* Celia.

*Ros.* Never talk to me; I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling color.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

*Cel.* An excellent color: your chestnut was ever the only color.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*Cel.* Yes; I think he is not a pick-up purse nor a horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.

*Cel.* "Was" is not "is": besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them

bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

*Enter* CORIN.

*Cor.* Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complained of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly played,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

*Enter* SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

*Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me.*

— Act III. Scene 5.

*Enter* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

*Sil.* O dear Phebe,
If ever, — as that ever may be near, —
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty, —
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed —
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favored children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock. [*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia and Corin.*

*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, —

*Phe.* Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love: is not that neighborly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;

But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.
*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.
*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?
*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.
*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth: not very pretty:
But sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black;
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me:
I marvel why I answered not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### Scene I. *The forest.*

*Enter* Rosalind, Celia, *and* Jaques.

*Jaq.* I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness. 18

*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands. 22

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gained my experience.

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and travel for it too! 26

*Enter* ORLANDO.

*Orl.* Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

*Jaq.* Nay, then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. 29

*Ros.* Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. [*Exit Jaques.*] Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more. 37

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. — I am your Rosalind.

*Cel.* It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

*Ros.* Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you had better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking — God warn us! — matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter. — Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then in mine own person I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp, was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was "Hero of Sestos." But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What sayest thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

*Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?*
— Act IV. Scene 1.

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin, "Will you, Orlando — "

*Cel.* Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts; they are winged.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

*Orl.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, and 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say "Wit, whither wilt?" — For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

*Ros.* Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

*Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

*Ros.* Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*

*Cel.* You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene II. *The forest.*

*Enter* Jaques, Lords, *and* Foresters.

*Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?

*A. Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

*For.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

*For.* What shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
*Then sing him home.*
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn:
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the forest.*

*Enter* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

*Enter* SILVIUS.

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me:
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

*Sil.* No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you are a fool
And turned into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colored hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Ros.* She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads.*

Art thou god to shepherd turned,
That a maiden's heart hath burned?

Can a woman rail thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Ros.* [*Reads*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.

Meaning me a beast.

If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd!

*Ros.* Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured!

*A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees.*
— Act IV. Scene 3.

Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius.*

*Enter* OLIVER.

*Oli.* Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees?
*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.
*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years; "the boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
*Cel.* It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.
*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?
*Ros.* I am: what must we understand by this?
*Oli.* Some of my shame: if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where

This handkercher was stained.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak whose boughs were mossed with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approached
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Cel.* O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

*Ros.* But, to Orlando; did he leave him there,

Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?
*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
*Cel.* Are you his brother?
*Ros.* Was't you he rescued?
*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
*Oli.* 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin?
*Oli.* By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place: —
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recovered him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin

Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*

*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go? [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *The forest.*

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

*Enter* WILLIAM.

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even, William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

*Will.* Five and twenty, sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age. Is thy name William?

*Will.* William, sir.

*Touch.* A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

*Touch.* "Thank God;" a good answer. Art rich?

*Will.* Faith, sir, so so.

*Touch.* "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

*Will.* I do, sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, sir.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, sir?

*Touch.* He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon, — which is in the vulgar leave, — the society, — which in the boorish is company, — of this female, — which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy;

*Abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest.*
— Act V. Scene 1.

I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

*Enter* CORIN.

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away!

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *The forest.*

*Enter* ORLANDO *and* OLIVER.

*Orl.* Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

*Enter* ROSALIND.

*Ros.* God save you, brother.

*Oli.* And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

*Ros.* O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame:" for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent: they are in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speakest thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

*Enter* SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not if I have: it is my study

To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.
*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.
*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.
*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.
*Ros.* And I for no woman.
*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.
*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.
*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.
*Ros.* And I for no woman.
*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion and all made of wishes,
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.
*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.
*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.
*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.
*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?
*Ros.* Who do you speak to, "Why blame you me to love you?"
*Orl.* To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.
*Ros.* Pray you no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To Sil.*] I will help

you, if I can: [*To Phe.*] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To Phe.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: [*To Orl.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To Sil.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene III. *The forest.*

*Enter* Touchstone *and* Audrey.

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

*Enter two* Pages.

*First Page.* Well met, honest gentleman.

*Touch.* By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

*Sec. Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle.

*First Page.* Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

*Sec. Page.* I' faith, i' faith: and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
  In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
  In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
  In spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
  With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
  In spring time, &c.

*Touch.* Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

*First Page.* You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

## Scene IV. *The forest.*

*Enter* Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia.

*Duke S.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

*Enter* Rosalind, Silvius, *and* Phebe.

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

*Duke S.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

*Ros.* And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

*Ros.* You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour after.

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

*Phe.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

*Sil.* Though to have her and death were both one thing.

*Ros.* I have promised to make all this matter even.
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

*Duke S.* I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

*Orl.* My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutored in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

*Enter* TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all!

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with my enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up?

*Touch.* Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

*Jaq.* How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

*Duke S.* I like him very well.

*Touch.* God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

*Duke S.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

*Touch.* According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

*Jaq.* But, for the seventh cause: how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed: — bear your body more seeming, Audrey: — as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again "it was not well cut," he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again "it was not well cut," he disabled my judgement: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again "it was not well cut," he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again "it was not well cut," he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

*Jaq* And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an "if." I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an "if," as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your "if" is the only peace-maker: much virtue in "if."

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything and yet a fool.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter a person representing* HYMEN, ROSALIND *in woman's clothes, and* CELIA.

*Still music.*

*Hym.* Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even,
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter:

Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might join her hand with his
Whose heart within her bosom is.

*Ros.* [*To duke*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[*To Orl.*] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
*Duke S.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.
*Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.
*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!
*Ros.* I'll have no father, if you be not he:
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

*Duke S.* O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

*Phe.* [*To Silvius*] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

*Enter* JAQUES DE BOYS.

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world,
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

*Duke S.* Welcome, young man;

*To see no pastime I; what you would have*
*I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave.*

— Act V. Scene 4.

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld, and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heaped in joy, to the measures fall.

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learned.
[*To duke*] You to your former honor I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:
[*To Orl.*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:
[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great allies:
[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
[*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victualled. So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke S.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*Jaq.* To see no pastime I; what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave. [*Exit.*

*Duke S.* Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play: I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women — as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them — that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

# APPENDIX

# APPENDIX

## THE WRITING AND PUBLICATION OF "AS YOU LIKE IT"

Shakespeare produced his plays and poems during a period of about twenty years, which is almost equally divided by the close of the 16th century. The place of "As You Like It" within this period is almost exactly central. "The Merchant of Venice" had probably preceded it by at least two years, in which time had appeared the historical plays "Henry IV" and "Henry V," together with the comedy of "Merry Wives of Windsor." To this close of one century and beginning of another also belong "Much Ado about Nothing," "Twelfth Night," and "All's Well That Ends Well."

The exact date of the printing of any of Shakespeare's plays is difficult to determine and this seems peculiarly true of "As You Like It." The right to publish during Shakespeare's time was obtained by entering a play on the Register of the Stationers' Company, a famous organization about three hundred years old. The name, "As You Like It" is not found on the regular records but on a separate leaf among some miscellaneous notes dated between 1600 and 1603, together with "Henry V" and "Much Ado about Nothing," all of which were to be "stayed," that is, not to be published until ordered by the Lord Chamberlain. As the other two were published almost at once, it is thought that "As You Like It" may

not have been ready. In any case it seems not to have been printed at this time.

"As You Like It" first appeared in print in the folio of 1623 (see page 145) where it was published with the rest of the poet's plays by his two friends and fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell. It stands next to "The Merchant of Venice" and among the other charming comedies of the same period.

The date of the writing of "As You Like It" is also uncertain. In September, 1598, Francis Meres published his "Palladis Tamia" or "Wit's Treasury," which contained a list of Shakespeare's plays. Among these "As You Like It" does not appear. On the other hand, the play contains a quotation from Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," which appeared in 1598. Shakespeare took this method of paying his tribute to his famous predecessor in the words:

> "Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
> Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"
>
> (Act III, 5, 80.)

On the whole, then, "As You Like It" seems to belong to the great group of plays which bring the merry comedies of Shakespeare to an end. Almost immediately the poet seems to fall into the dark, somber mood which produced the tragedies. In these comedies we find reconciliation of enemies and the reunion of parted friends. Disguise abounds, as does the light, gay touch, so that we may place "As You Like It" in the same period and make its date 1599.

## SOURCES OF MATERIAL USED BY SHAKESPEARE IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"

The story which runs through "As You Like It" was first found in the "Tale of Gamelyn" by Coke, a long ballad-epic of incidents very like those of the play. It is, however, improbable that Shakespeare ever saw this poem. Upon this tale Lodge founded his novel, "Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacie," which Shakespeare chose as material for his play. He was wise enough to use anything that would appeal to his audiences and, moreover, there was much in the romance that he would like. The novel was very popular, as was shown by the fact that it was reprinted again and again between 1590 and 1640. It also dealt with a popular subject, for it was a pastoral romance, that is a story of courtiers, who, tired of the conventional life of the court, betook themselves to the country where they fell in love, wrote verse, and imagined themselves shepherds and shepherdesses. This sort of atmosphere prevailed in many of the writings of Elizabeth's time.

Shakespeare, then, in using material so familiar to his audiences, seems to have departed from the sources less than in any other play. To us, who think nothing of seeing a popular novel dramatized or filmed, usually to its detriment, this will not seem strange, and yet Shakespeare did not dramatize this novel in the ordinary modern sense. We have only to read Lodge's romance with its unreal, flat characters, its long moralizing speeches, to realize that the playwright merely used the material he found there as a foundation upon which to build a vital structure which delights us at every point.

## Appendix.

In Lodge's novel Sir John of Bordeaux (Sir Rowland de Boys of the play) at the time of his death bequeathed his estate to his three sons, Saladyne (Oliver), Fernandyne (Jaques de Boys), and Rosader (Orlando). To the last named, the youngest, was given the largest share, but Saladyne, the eldest, had managed to deprive his younger brothers of their patrimony by sending the second to school and by keeping Rosader at home employed as a servant. In the novel there is a long death-bed scene, but the playwright compresses all this material into Orlando's opening speech.

After two or three years Rosader suddenly decided to endure this treatment no longer. As he was meditating upon his servile position, Saladyne appeared with some of his men and insulted Rosader, who turned upon him with such fury that Saladyne ordered his men to bind him.

"This made Rosader halfe mad, that stepping to a great rake that stood in the garden, hee laide such loade uppon his brothers men that hee hurt some of them, and made the rest of them run away. Saladyne seeing Rosader so resolute, and with his resolution so valiant, thought his heeles his best safetie, and tooke him to a loaft adjoyning to the garden, whether Rosader pursued him hotly. Saladyne, afraide of his brothers furie, cried out to him thus: Rosader, be not so rash: I am thy brother and thine elder, and if I have done thee wrong ile make thee amendes. . . .

"These wordes appeased the choller of Rosader, for he was of a milde and curteous nature, so that hee layde downe his weapons, and upon the faith of a gentleman assured his brother hee would offer him no prejudice: whereupon Saladyne came down, and after a little parley, they imbraced eache other and became friends. . . ."

From this time, however, Saladyne plotted revenge. How much more interesting is the playwright's scene with the two brothers alone, Adam watching in the background, and then Oliver's immediate plan for revenge!

Now Torismond, king of France (Duke Frederick), who had banished his brother Gerismond, the rightful king, had planned a great tournament for the amusement of his subjects whose discontent he feared. At his court was a champion wrestler, a Norman (Charles), who had been victorious over all comers, usually killing them by the mere weight of his body. Here was Saladyne's opportunity. After plotting with the Norman, whom he bribed to an oath that Rosader should not come out alive, he went to his brother. Rosader, already a vigorous wrestler, was desirous of honor and it was a simple matter for Saladyne to persuade him to the wrestling.

The day of the tournament arrived and the court assembled. Torismond had ordered to be present his own daughter, Alinda (Celia), and his niece Rosalynde, the daughter of the banished king. When Rosader came to his turn with the Norman, who had already killed two opponents, he glanced up at the ladies and was transfixed by the beauty of Rosalynde. Aroused from his trance by a clap on his shoulder by the Norman and fired by a glance from Rosalynde, he fought bravely and well.

"At last Rosader, calling to minde the beautie of his new mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowsed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling uppon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie." . . .

Rosader's victory pleased the king, who asked him his name and when he learned that he was the son of Sir John of Bordeaux, he embraced him and treated him with all honor. Rosalynde sent him a jewel, which he repaid by a sonnet so charming that Rosalynde upon reading it, blushed and began to think she had found her lover.

After the tournament Rosader, with some youths who had made friends with him, returned to his home where his brother Saladyne was waiting for the news of Rosader's death. When he saw him coming crowned with the wreath of victory, he withdrew and barred the gate. This Rosader broke through and then feasted with his new-found friends. Later when they had departed, in his wrath at his brother, he would have been avenged, but an old servant, Adam Spencer by name, managed to reconcile the brothers. By this means Lodge delays the action which Shakespeare advances as rapidly as possible.

Meantime just as Rosalynde had finished singing to the accompaniment of her lute a charming song inspired by her rapidly mounting love for Rosader, Torismond appeared. Without very good reason except because of her beauty, he banished her, and when his daughter, Alinda, entreated him to withdraw the decree, he exiled her. Whereupon they set out together, Rosalynde dressed as a page called Ganymede, and Alinda in peasant attire with the name of Aliena. Upon their arrival in the Forest of Arden they encountered two shepherds, Montanus (Silvius) and Corydon (Corin), the former very much in love with Phebe, a young shepherdess. The shepherds hospitably entertained them for the night, but

the next day the two girls became owners of a farm and lived the life of the shepherds.

For some time the apparent friendship between Rosader and Saladyne continued, but at last Rosader was driven away in fear of his life, and, accompanied by his father's faithful servant, Adam, he went forth to find his fortune. After six days of wandering they reached the Forest of Arden almost dead from want of food. Adam began to fall fainting by the wayside, but upon perceiving that Rosader was also exhausted, he offered to cut his veins that his young master might be saved by his blood. This offer so revived Rosader that he at once set out to find food.

"It chaunced that day, that Gerismond, the lawfull king of France banished by Torismond, who with a lustie crue of outlawes lived in that forest, that day in honour of his birth made a feast to all his bolde yeomen, and frolickt it with store of wine and venison, sitting all at a long table under the shadow of lymon trees. To that place by chance fortune conducted Rosader, who seeing such a crue of brave men, having store of that for want of which hee and Adam perished, hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus: — Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreame distresse may: know that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food: perish wee must, unlesse relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such men as are everie way woorthie of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou proove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates,

I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame. Gerismond, looking him earnestly in the face, and seeing so proper a gentleman in so bitter a passion, was moved with so great pitie, that rising from the table, he tooke him by the hand and badde him welcome, willing him to sit downe in his place, and in his roome not onely to eat his fill, but be lorde of the feast. Gramercy, sir, quoth Rosader, but I have a feeble friend that lyes hereby famished almost for food, aged and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe, and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme, before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer. Away hies Rosader to Adam Spencer, and tels him the newes, who was glad of so happie fortune, but so feeble he was that he could not go; whereupon Rosader got him up on his backe, and brought him to the place. Which when Gerismond and his men saw, they greatly applauded their league of friendship; and Rosader, having Gerismonds place assigned him, would not sit there himselfe, but set downe Adam Spencer." . . .

The exiled king welcomed Rosader, who told him who he was and gave him the gossip of the court, especially the news of the banishment of Rosalynde and Alinda. He was made a forester to Gerismond and was soon found by Ganymede and Aliena, who recognized him both as Rosader and as the author of certain verses discovered by them on the trees. When on the following day, he appeared with more poems, he was invited to dinner and Ganymede offered to play the part of his Rosalynde.

"Assone as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thankes for his good cheare, would have been gone; but Ganimede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence,

began thus: Nay, forrester, quoth she, if thy busines be not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst wooe: I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art, Rosader. See in some amorous eglogue, how if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe and plaie us melodie. . . .

"And thereupon, quoth Aliena, Ile play the priest: from this daye forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganimede wife, and so weele have a marriage. Content, quoth Rosader, and laught. Content, quoth Ganimede, and chaunged as red as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to be a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking hee had wood and wonne his Rosalynde. . . ."

Torismond, meanwhile, had begun to cast envious glances at the rich lands of Sir John of Bordeaux. With the excuse that he had wronged his brother, the king banished Saladyne and confiscated his estate. Saladyne went forth in despair, but determined to travel until he found his brother whose forgiveness he now desired. At last wearied by wandering up and down the forest, he laid himself down to sleep, where he was found by Rosader. A lion crouched beside him waiting for him to stir. By the bleeding of his nose, Rosader knew that it was a friend, and as he drew nearer he recognized his brother. After a debate with himself, he finally slew the lion with his boar-spear and saved Saladyne. After a scene which led to a reconciliation, Rosader presented his brother to the exiled king, who accepted him as one of his followers.

Later when Rosader was visiting Ganymede and Aliena,

some rascals fell upon the two girls and tried to carry off Aliena. Rosader defended them bravely, but there were too many for him, and he would have been overcome had it not been for Saladyne, who miraculously appeared and put the rascals to flight, but not until Rosader had been wounded. Aliena promptly fell in love with the newcomer and, after a little, consented to marry him. Here in the novel, we have the motive for the sudden love-affair of Celia and Oliver, which the playwright seems to consider unnecessary.

The love affair of Montanus and Phebe had not been running smoothly as Phebe had fallen in love with the beauteous Ganymede. Gerismond had been sympathetic with Montanus and called in Ganymede to see if something could not be done. Upon seeing in her some resemblance to Rosalynde, he spoke of it to Rosader, thereby learning of his passion for the vanished Rosalynde. At once he said to Rosader, "And upon that condition that Rosalynde were here, I would this day make up a marriage betwixt her and thee."

On Aliena's wedding day Rosalynde promised to solve all difficulties for Phebe, Montanus, and Rosader. The novelist describes the incident as follows:

"Ganimede mildly answered, If I shuld affect the faire Phœbe, I should offer poore Montanus great wrong to winne that from him in a moment, that hee hath labored for so many monthes. Yet have I promised to the bewtiful shepheardesse to wed my selfe never to woman except unto her; but with this promise, that if I can by reason suppresse Phœbes love towards me, she shall like of none but of Montanus. To that, quoth Phœbe, I stand; for my love is so far beyond

reason, as wil admit no persuasion of reason. For justice, quoth he, I appeale to Gerismond: and to his censure wil I stand, quoth Phœbe. And in your victory, quoth Montanus, stands the hazard of my fortunes, for if Ganimede go away with conquest, Montanus is in conceit loves (*love's*) monarch: if Phœbe winne, then am I in effect most miserable. We wil see this controversie, quoth Gerismond, and then we will to church: therefore, Ganimede, let us heare your argument. Nay, pardon my absence a while, quoth shee, and you shall see one in store. In went Ganimede and drest her self in womans attire, having on a gowne of greene, with a kirtle of rich sandall, so quaint, that she seemed Diana triumphing in the forrest: upon her head she wore a chaplet of roses, which gave her such a grace that she looked like Flora pearkt in the pride of all her floures. Thus attired came Rosalynde in, and presented hir self at hir fathers feete, with her eyes full of teares, craving his blessing, and discoursing unto him all her fortunes, how shee was banished by Torismond, and how ever since she lived in that country disguised. . . .

"While every one was amazed, . . . Coridon came skipping in, and told them that the priest was at church, and tarried for their comming. With that Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed; where to the admiration of all the countrey swains in Arden, their mariages were solemnly solemnized." . . .

In the midst of their festivities Fernandyne, the second son of Sir John of Bordeaux, arrived with news that Torismond with a large army was at hand to give battle.

. . . "At this alarum . . . Gerismond leapt from the boord, and Saladyne and Rosader betooke themselves to their weapons. . . . Thus they leave the Brides full of sorrow, and especially Alinda, who desired Gerismond to be good to her Father. . . . To be short, the Peers were conquerors, Torismonds army put to flight, and himselfe slain in battaile. . . .

Gerismond made a royal feaste for the Peers and Lords of the Land, which continued thirtie dayes, in which time summoning a parliament, by the consent of his nobles, he created Rosader heire apparant to the kingdome, hee restored Saladyne to all his fathers Land, and gave him the Dukedome of Nameurs, he made Fernandine principall secretarie to him selfe; and that Fortune might every way seeme frolicke, he made Montanus Lord over all the Forrest of Arden, Adam Spencer Captaine of the Kings Gard, and Coridon maister of Alindas flocks."

This novel, then, gave to Shakespeare the bare outline of his plot, and as we now see, he held rather closely to it, but as we read the novel and then the play, a bit of old tapestry, with its figures and background, seems to come to life. With his indescribable genius, the poet made real what is in itself artificial. There are many changes which reveal the art of the playwright. He created five characters, one of whom, at least, has become immortal. These are Touchstone, Jaques, Audrey, William, and Sir Oliver Martext. This addition alone vivifies the play. Moreover he understands perfectly the need of economy, swift movement, suspense, and climax. He subordinates his minor characters, making them merely the right sort of background against which stand out his heroine and hero. Incidents he omits or uses to suit his needs. It is easy to appreciate and trace the poet's changes after reading the portions of the novel suggested above. Indeed, everything that is natural, gay, humorous, witty, and sparkling with life is the poet's own. The play breathes the frolicksome, care-free life in an ideal forest far from the sordid passions of a conventional society.

## TIME DURATION OF "AS YOU LIKE IT"

The time relation of "As You Like It" is not so difficult to understand as in some other plays. According to Mr. Daniel's "Analysis," it may be taken as ten days represented on the stage with certain intervals. Mr. Daniel's "Analysis" follows:

Day 1. Act I, 1.

Day 2. Act I, 2 and 3, and Act II, 1. [Act II, 3.]

Day 3. Act II, 2 [Act III, 1.] An interval of a few days. The journey to Arden.

Day 4. Act II, 4.

Day 5. Act II, 5, 6, and 7. An interval of a few days.

Day 6. Act III, 2. An interval.

Day 7. Act III, 3.

Day 8. Act III, 4 and 5; Act IV, 1, 2, and 3; and Act V, 1.

Day 9. Act V, 2 and 3.

Day 10. Act V, 4.

The scenes in brackets are out of their actual order. "The author seems to have gone back to resume these threads of the story which were dropped while other parts of the plot were in hand."

As long ago as the middle of the last century Professor Wilson announced what he called his "great discovery," namely, that Shakespeare often made use of two different computations of time in the same play. By one of these, the action is hurried on by being compressed into a few days; by the other, it is protracted over weeks and even months. This Professor Wilson calls double time or "Short Time" and "Long Time." This time usage is

hardly noticeable in "As You Like It," but it exists. For instance in Act I, Charles answers Oliver's inquiry for "new news" by referring to the "old news" that "the old duke is banished." As Oliver asks where he *will* live, it is evident that he has just been banished. In the third scene of this same act, however, when Duke Frederick banishes Rosalind, Celia says:

"I was *too young* that time to value her." In Act II the banished duke refers to "old custom" and "the season's difference" which seems to indicate that he has been in the forest for some time.

This difference seems to cause no difficulty in our understanding of the play and is really of no consequence in the time analysis of the scenes.

## GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PLAY

The title, "As You Like It," seems to have been taken directly from the epistle in the dedication of Lodge's novel, where he writes: "To be brief, gentlemen, room for a soldier or sailor, that gives you the fruits of his labours that he wrote in the ocean, where every line was wet with the surge, and every humorous passion counterchecked with a storm. *If you like it*, so; and yet I will be yours in duty, if you be mine in favour." In the epilogue Shakespeare explains it in the challenge: "I charge you, O women for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play *as please you:* and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, . . . that between you and the women the play *may please*."

In this play Shakespeare used more prose than he had employed up to this time. He was probably somewhat influenced by the novel and certainly his prose gains in simplicity, force, and rapidity. Most critics find him at his best in the prose of the plays of this period. It is of two kinds, that spoken by Touchstone and the rustics, and that of Rosalind's conversations. Each in its style fits the need of the subject and speaker and each has a charm of its own.

As soon as the spirit of the scene rises to a higher tone, verse takes the place of prose, as in Rosalind's discussions with the shepherds and Phebe, Duke Senior's descriptions and meditations, as well as those of Jaques.

Many great students of Shakespeare have commented upon this play. What they have written is so worth reading that one or two passages are here quoted.

## Appendix.

[*From Dowden's Shakespeare.*]

Upon the whole, "As You Like It" is the sweetest and happiest of all Shakespeare's comedies. No one suffers; no one lives an eager intense life; there is no tragic interest in it as there is in "The Merchant of Venice," as there is in "Much Ado about Nothing." It is mirthful, but the mirth is sprightly, graceful, exquisite; there is none of the rollicking fun of a Sir Toby here; the songs are not "coziers' catches" shouted in the night-time, "without any mitigation or remorse of voice," but the solos and duets of pages in the wild-wood, or the noisier chorus of foresters. The wit of Touchstone is not mere clownage, nor has it any indirect serious significances; it is a dainty kind of absurdity worthy to hold comparison with the melancholy of Jaques. And Orlando in the beauty and strength of early manhood, and Rosalind —

> "A gallant curtle-axe upon her thigh,
> A boar-spear in her hand,"

and the bright, tender, loyal womanhood within — are figures which quicken and restore our spirits, as music does, which is neither noisy nor superficial, and yet which knows little of the deep passion and sorrow of the world.

Shakespeare, when he wrote this idyllic play, was himself in his Forest of Arden. He had ended one great ambition — the historical plays — and not yet commenced his tragedies. It was a resting-place. He sends his imagination into the woods to find repose. Instead of the court and camps of England, and the embattled plains of France, here was this woodland scene, where the palm-tree, the lioness, and the serpent are to be found, possessed of a flora and a fauna that flourish in spite of physical geographers. There is an open-air feeling throughout the play. The dialogue, as has been observed, catches freedom and freshness from the atmosphere. After the trumpet-tones of "Henry V" comes the sweet pastoral

strain, so bright, so tender. Must it not all be in keeping? Shakespeare was not trying to control his melancholy. When he needed to do that, Shakespeare confronted his melancholy very passionately, and looked it full in the face. Here he needed refreshment, a sunlight tempered by forest-boughs, a breeze upon his forehead, a stream murmuring in his ears.

[*From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's Introduction to the Play.*]

"The sweetest and happiest of Shakspeare's comedies," says Professor Dowden. Yes, sweetest, because the sweetness has been drawn from the bitters of life: happiest, because the happiness has sprung from, has overcome, sorrow and suffering. What most we prize is misfortune borne with cheery mind, the sun of man's spirit shining through and dispersing the clouds that strive to shade it. And surely this is the spirit of the play. The play goes back, too, to the old Robin Hood spirit of England, to that same love of country and of forest and of adventure which still sends our men all over the world, and empties yearly our women out of town:

"They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world;"

or, as Orlando puts the other side of it —

"In this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time."

. . . Shakespeare is in his Second Period, not his fourth. We are out of all wrangle of court and struggle of camp, in this forest of enchantment, Arden, where lions and palms and serpents grow, where ambition is shunned, and all are pleased with what they get. 'Tis Chaucer's "Flee fro the pres and

dwelle with soothfastnesse," his "Former Age;" a fancy picture if you will, but let us enjoy it while we may. The picture is not painted in the same high key of colour as "Much Ado." Instead of the hot sun of Beatrice's and Benedick's sharp wit-combats, with its golden reds and yellows, backed by the dark clouds of Hero's terrible distress, we have a picture of greys and greens and blues, lit through a soft haze of silvery light. Rosalind's rippling laugh comes to us from the far-off forest glades, and the wedded couples' sweet content reaches us as a strain of distant melody. The play stretches backwards and forwards as "Much Ado" does: back to the First Period, "Love's Labour's Lost." The scene is the Forest of Arden, like the King of Navarre's park; the early Stratford woodland life is in both. And in both is the same almost childish love of the girl tormenting her sweetheart by assuming or continuing unnecessary disguises, the lover's writing of verses, the hunting, etc.; the names Rosaline and Rosalind, and certain points of likeness between their owners. Miss Baillie says, "The way in which Rosalind delights in teasing Orlando is essentially womanly. There are many women who take unaccountable pleasure in causing pain to those they love, for the sake of healing it afterwards." The love at first sight is like that in "Love's Labour's Lost," and Touchstone and Audrey are a far better Armado and Jaquenetta. To "Midsummer-Night's Dream" this play is linked by its enchanted land, and its pretty picture of Rosalind's and Celia's friendship matching that of Helena and Hermia. With "The Merchant" we get the links of Rosalind's description of her dressing as a man, like Portia's (and Julia's in "The Two Gentlemen"), while the melancholy of Jaques reminds us, in name, of that of Antonio in "The Merchant." Rosalind's description of herself as "one out of suits with fortune" suits Portia's "My little body is aweary of this great world." The reach forward

of the play is most interesting in its anticipation of the Fourth Period lesson, that repentance and reconciliation are better than revenge, taught by the two instances of Oliver and Duke Frederick; while in "Pericles" we see that Marina is to be killed because she stained her friend Cleon's daughter, as Duke Frederick justifies his cruelty to Rosalind because she throws Celia into the shade. One cannot also forget the fool here, "who'll go along o'er the wide world with Celia," when thinking of Lear's fool, who'd never been happy since his young mistress went to France. And we may remember, too, Shakespeare quotation here from his dead friend Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," first printed in 1598:

> "Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
> 'Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?'"

## COMMENTS UPON THE CHARACTERS

Here are a few paragraphs from well-known books of criticism upon Shakespeare's characters. You will not always agree with everything in them, but they are all stimulating and may form the basis of interesting discussions. From them, too, you may possibly obtain new light upon the more interesting persons in the drama. You will find further critical passages in Dr. Furness's Variorum Edition of "As You Like It," and in the volumes from which these selections are taken.

### Rosalind

Though Rosalind is a princess, she is a princess of Arcady; and notwithstanding the charming effect produced by her first scenes, we scarcely ever think of her with a reference to them, or associate her with a court and the artificial appendages of her rank. She was not made to "lord it o'er a fair mansion" and take state upon her like the all-accomplished Portia; but to breathe the free air of heaven and frolic among the green leaves.

Though sprightliness is the distinguishing characteristic of Rosalind, as of Beatrice, yet we find her much more nearly allied to Portia in temper and intellect. The tone of her mind is, like Portia's, genial and buoyant; she has something too of her softness and sentiment; there is the same confiding abandonment of self in her affections; but the characters are otherwise as distinct as the situations are dissimilar. The age, the manners, the circumstances in which Shakespeare has placed his Portia, are not beyond the bounds of probability; may have a certain reality and locality. But Rosalind is surrounded with the purely ideal and imaginative; the reality is in the characters and in the sentiments, not in the circumstances.

or situation. Portia is dignified, splendid, and romantic; Rosalind is playful, pastoral, and picturesque.

Rosalind is like a compound of essences, so volatile in their nature, and so exquisitely blended, that on any attempt to analyze them, they seem to escape us. To what else shall we compare her, all enchanting as she is? — to the silvery summer clouds which, even while we gaze on them, shift their hues and forms, dissolving into air, and light, and rainbow showers? — to the May-morning, flush with opening blossoms and roseate dews, and "charm of earliest birds"? — to some wild and beautiful melody, such as some shepherd-boy might "pipe to Amaryllis in the shade"? — to a mountain streamlet, now smooth as a mirror in which the skies may glass themselves, and anon leaping and sparkling in the sunshine — or rather to the very sunshine itself? for so her genial spirit touches into life and beauty whatever it shines on.

Everything about Rosalind breathes of "youth and youth's sweet prime." She is fresh as the morning, sweet as the dew-awakened blossoms, and light as the breeze that plays among them. She is as witty, as voluble, as sprightly as Beatrice; but in a style altogether distinct. In both, the wit is equally unconscious; but in Beatrice it plays about us like the lightning, dazzling but also alarming; while the wit of Rosalind bubbles up and sparkles like the living fountain, refreshing all around. Her volubility is like the bird's song; it is the outpouring of a heart filled to overflowing with life, love, and joy, and all sweet and affectionate impulses. She has as much tenderness as mirth, and in her most petulant raillery there is a touch of softness — "By this hand, it will not hurt a

fly!" As her vivacity never lessens our impression of her sensibility, so she wears her masculine attire without the slightest impugnment of her delicacy — Rosalind has in truth "no doublet and hose in her disposition." How her heart seems to throb and flutter under her page's vest! What depth of love in her passion for Orlando! whether disguised beneath a saucy playfulness, or breaking forth with a fond impatience, or half betrayed in that beautiful scene where she faints at the sight of his 'kerchief stained with his blood! Here her recovery of her self-possession — her fears lest she should have revealed her sex — her presence of mind, and quick-witted excuse —

"I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited" —

and the characteristic playfulness which seems to return so naturally with her recovered senses — are all as amusing as consistent. Then how beautifully is the dialogue managed between herself and Orlando! how well she assumes the airs of a saucy page, without throwing off her feminine sweetness! How her wit flutters free as air over every subject! With what a careless grace, yet with what exquisite propriety!

> "For innocence hath a privilege in her
> To dignify arch jests and laughing eyes."

And if the freedom of some of the expressions used by Rosalind or Beatrice be objected to, let it be remembered that this was not the fault of Shakespeare or the women, but generally of the age.

The impression left upon our hearts and minds by the character of Rosalind is like a delicious strain of music. There is a depth of delight, and a subtlety of words to

express that delight, which is enchanting. Yet when we call to mind particular speeches and passages, we find that they have a relative beauty and propriety which renders it difficult to separate them from the context without injuring their effect. She says some of the most charming things in the world and some of the most humorous; but we apply them as phrases rather than as maxims, and remember them rather for their pointed felicity of expression, than for their general truth and depth of meaning.

Rosalind has not the impressive eloquence of Portia, nor the sweet wisdom of Isabella. Her longest speeches are not her best; nor is her taunting address to Phebe, beautiful and celebrated as it is, equal to Phebe's own description of her. The latter, indeed, is more in earnest.

— Mrs. Jameson, "Characteristics of Women," 1833.

When I resolved to make a thorough study of the play, I little thought how long, yet how fascinating a task I had imposed upon myself. With every fresh perusal new points of interest and of charm revealed themselves to me; while, as for Rosalind, "she drew me on to love her" with a warmth of feeling which can only be understood by the artist who has found in the heroine she impersonates that "something never to be wholly known," those suggestions of high qualities answerable to all the contingencies or trials of circumstance, by which we are captivated in real life and which it is her aim and her triumph to bring home to the hearts and imaginations of her audience as they have come home to her own. So it was I came to love Rosalind with my whole heart.

No word escapes from Rosalind's lips as we watch her

there [in the last scene, after the entrance of Jaques de Boys], the woman in all her beauty and perfect grace, now calmly happy, beside a father restored to "a potent dukedom," and a lover whom she knows to be wholly worthy to wield that dukedom when in due season she will endow him with it as her husband. Happiest of women! for who else ever had such means of testing that love on which her own happiness depends? In all the days that are before her, all the largeness of heart, the rich imagination, the bright commanding intellect, which made her the presiding genius of the Forest of Arden, will work with no less beneficent sway in the larger sphere of princely duty. With what delight will she recur with her lover-husband to the strange accidents of fortune which "forced sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood," and to the never-to-be-forgotten hours when he was a second time "o'er-thrown" by the wit, the playful wiles, the inexplicable charm of the young Ganymede! How, too, in all the grave duties of the high position to which his alliance will raise him, will he not only possess in her an honoured and admired companion, but will also find wise guidance and support in her clear intelligence and courageous will! It is thus, at least, that I dream of my dear Rosalind and her Orlando.

— Lady Martin, "Shakespeare's Female Characters," 1884. (Lady Martin was Miss Helen Faucit, a celebrated English actress whose most famous part was that of Rosalind.)

For wit, this strange, queer, lovely being is fully equal to Beatrice, yet nowise resembling her. A soft, subtile, nimble essence consisting in one knows not what, and

springing up one can hardly tell how, her wit neither stings nor burns, but plays briskly and airily over all things within its reach, enriching and adorning them; insomuch that one could ask no greater pleasure than to be the continual theme of it. In its irrepressible vivacity it waits not for occasion, but runs on forever, and we wish it to run on forever: we have a sort of faith that her dreams are made up of cunning, quirkish, graceful fancies; her wits being in a frolic even when she is asleep. And her heart seems a perennial spring of affectionate cheerfulness: no trial can break, no sorrow chill, her flow of spirits; even her sighs are breathed forth in a wrappage of innocent mirth; an arch, roguish smile irradiates her saddest tears. No sort of unhappiness can live in her company: it is a joy even to stand her chiding; for, "faster than her tongue doth make offense, her eye doth heal it up."

It is quite remarkable how, in respect of her disguise, Rosalind just reverses the conduct of Viola, yet with much the same effect. For though she seems as much at home in her male attire as if she had always worn it, this never strikes us otherwise than as an exercise of skill for the perfecting of her masquerade. And on the same principle her occasional freedoms of speech serve to deepen our sense of her innate delicacy; they being manifestly intended as a part of her disguise, and springing from the feeling that it is far less indelicate to go a little out of her character in order to prevent any suspicion of her sex, than it would be to hazard such a suspicion by keeping strictly within her character. In other words her free talk bears much the same relation to her character as her

dress does to her person, and is therefore becoming to her even on the score of feminine modesty.

— Hudson, "Introduction," 1880.

### Jaques

Jaques is the only purely contemplative character in Shakespeare. He thinks, and does nothing. His whole occupation is to amuse his mind, and he is totally regardless of his body and his fortunes. He is the prince of philosophical idlers; his only passion is thought; he sets no value on anything but as it serves as food for reflection. He resents Orlando's passion for Rosalind as some disparagement of his own passion for abstract truth; and leaves the Duke, as soon as he is restored to his sovereignty, to seek his brother out, who has quitted it and turned hermit.

— Hazlitt, "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," 1817.

Who or what Jaques was before he makes his appearance in the forest, Shakespeare does not inform us, any further than that he had been a *roué* of considerable note, as the Duke tells him. This, and that he was one of the three or four loving lords who put themselves into voluntary exile with the old Duke, is all we know about him, until he is formally announced to us as the melancholy Jaques. The very announcement is a tolerable proof that he is not soul-stricken in any material degree. When Rosalind tells him that he is considered to be a melancholy fellow, he is hard put to it to describe in what his melancholy consists. He is nothing more than an idle gentleman given to musing and making in-

vectives against the world, which are more remarkable for the poetry of their style and expression than the pungency of their satire. His famous description of the Seven Ages is that of a man who has seen but little to complain of in his career through life. The sorrows of his infant are of the slightest kind, and he notes that it is taken care of in a nurse's lap. The griefs of his schoolboy are confined to the necessity of going to school; and he, too, has had an anxious hand to attend to him. His "shining morning face" reflects the superintendence of one — probably a mother — interested in his welfare. The lover is tortured by no piercing pangs of love, his woes evaporating themselves musically in a ballad of his own composition, written not to his mistress, but fantastically addressed to her eyebrow. The soldier appears in all the pride and swelling hopes of his spirit-stirring trade. The fair round belly of the Justice lined with good capon lets us know how he has passed his life. He is full of ease, magisterial authority, and squirely dignity. The lean and slippered pantaloon, and the dotard sunk into second childishness, have suffered only the common lot of humanity, without any of the calamities that embitter the unavoidable malady of old age. All the characters in Jaques's sketch are well taken care of. Such pictures do not proceed from a man very heavy at heart.

— MAGINN, "Shakespeare Papers," 1860.

Jaques, "compact of jars," is always getting out of bed on the wrong side every morning and taking the world the wrong way. He has been a libertine, is soured, and like the rascal Don John in "Much Ado," he hides his

bad nature under the cloak of seeming honesty of plain-speaking. His mission is to set everything to rights; but God forbid he should take the trouble to act.

— FURNIVALL, Introduction to "The Leopold Shakespeare," 1877.

Jaques is, I believe, a universal favorite, as, indeed, he well may be, for he is certainly one of the Poet's happiest conceptions. Without being at all unnatural, he has an amazing fund of peculiarity. Enraptured out of his senses at the voice of a song; thrown into a paroxysm of laughter at the sight of the motley-clad and motley-witted Fool; and shedding the twilight of his merry-sad spirit over all the darker spots of human life and character, he represents the abstract and sum-total of an utterly useless, yet perfectly harmless, man, seeking wisdom by abjuring its first principle. An odd, choice mixture of reality and affectation, he does nothing but think, yet avowedly thinks to no purpose; or rather thinking is with him its own end. On the whole, if in Touchstone there is much of the philosopher in the Fool, in Jaques there is not less of the fool in the Philosopher. Jaques is equally wilful, too, with Touchstone, in his turn of thought and speech, though not conscious of it; and as he plays his part more to please himself, so he is proportionably less open to the healing and renovating influences of Nature. He shows more of resistance than all other persons to the poetries and eloquences of the place. Tears are a great luxury to him; he sips the cup of woe with all the gust of an epicure. Still, his temper is by no means sour; fond of solitude, he is, nevertheless, far from being unsocial. The society of good men, provided they be in adversity, has great charms

for him. He likes to be with those who, though deserving the best, still have the worst; virtue wronged, buffeted, oppressed, is his special delight, because such moral discrepancies offer the most salient points to his cherished meditations. He himself enumerates nearly all the forms of melancholy except his own, which I take to be the melancholy of self-love. And its effect in his case is not unlike that of Touchstone's art; inasmuch as he greatly delights to see things otherwise than they really are, and to make them speak out some meaning that is not in them; that is, their plain and obvious sense is not to his taste. Nevertheless, his melancholy is grateful, because free from any dash of malignity. And how racy and original is everything that comes from him! as if it bubbled up from the centre of his being; while his perennial fulness of matter makes his company always delightful. The Duke loves especially to meet him in his "sullen fits," because then he overflows with his most idiomatic humour. After all, the worst that can be said of Jaques is, that the presence of men who are at once fortunate and deserving corks him up; which may be only another way of saying that he cannot open out and run over save where things are going wrong.

— Hudson, "Introduction," 1880.

### Celia

Celia is more quiet and retired: but she rather yields to Rosalind than is eclipsed by her. She is as full of sweetness, kindness, and intelligence, quite as susceptible, and almost as witty, though she makes less display of wit. She is described as less fair and less gifted; yet the

attempt to excite in her mind a jealousy of her lovelier friend by placing them in comparison —

"Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone" —

fails to awaken in the generous heart of Celia any other feeling than an increased tenderness and sympathy for her cousin. To Celia, Shakespeare has given some of the most striking and animated parts of the dialogue; and in particular, that exquisite description of the friendship between her and Rosalind —

"If she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we were coupled and inseparable."

The feeling of interest and admiration thus excited for Celia at the first follows her through the whole play. We listen to her as to one who has made herself worthy of our love; and her silence expresses more than eloquence.

— Mrs. Jameson, "Characteristics of Women," 1833.

### Orlando

Orlando has been ill-treated in every way by his tyrannical elder brother, but his good qualities come out only the more by this perpetual bruising. He never loses the elasticity of mind and generosity of impulse which is to carry him through all. One fortunate stroke of audacity, by enabling him to defeat the professional athlete, seems likely to open to him a path leading to honour and rank such as his birth entitles him to hold. But the hope is dashed as soon as it is conceived, by the dark jealousy of

the usurping Duke against the family beloved by his banished brother. Then Orlando fails for a moment in courage and hopefulness; he considers himself "a rotten tree" that will yield no fruit for any pruning. Yet the sad words have hardly passed his lips when he is already anticipating some "settled low content"; and, in the next scenes, when we find him in the company of the banished Duke, he has cast all gloom aside, has nothing to say against "any breather in the world" except himself, against whom he knows more evil than against anyone else; and is contented to proclaim his love for Rosalind to anyone who will listen to him, without any desponding thoughts as to the hardness of his destiny. As volatile as one of Alfred de Musset's heroes, he has, in all and through all, a firm ground of healthy English sense and truthfulness, which entitles him to serve as a type of those gallant youths who from so many a creek and inlet of Devonshire and Cornwall went forth in Shakespeare's day to war against the Spaniard.

— Moberly, "Introduction," 1872.

### Duke Senior

He is happy, not by youth and animal spirits, but by reflection. His character is such that he is able to maintain his state and dignity in the forest as easily as at the court, controlling his followers without an effort, and correcting their crude reflections in a moment by his superior thought and moral force. His good-humour is all-embracing; he loves to "cope" with those whose whole tone of mind is opposed to his own, and at once enters into the "swift and sententious" spirit of Touch-

stone, when that eminent person is at last introduced to him, and produces the choicest flowers of his wit, which he had reserved until then; and as a matter of course the Duke has long ago reconciled himself to his life of banishment and deprivation, and learned to find happiness in the very feeling of contact with nature unalloyed.

— Moberly, "Introduction," 1872.

### Phebe

Phebe is quite an Arcadian coquette; she is a piece of pastoral poetry. Audrey is only rustic. A very amusing effect is produced by the contrast between the frank and free bearing of the two princesses in disguise, and the scornful airs of the real shepherdess. In the speeches of Phebe, and in the dialogue between her and Silvius, Shakespeare has anticipated all the beauties of the Italian pastoral. We find two among the most poetical passages of the play appropriated to Phebe: the taunting speech of Silvius, and the description of Rosalind in her page's costume.

— Mrs. Jameson, "Characteristics of Women," 1833.

### Touchstone

Touchstone is not in love, but he will have a mistress as a subject for the exercise of his grotesque humour and to show his contempt for the passion by his indifference about the person. He is a rare fellow. He turns folly into wit, and wit into folly. His courtship of Audrey not only throws a degree of ridicule on the state of wedlock itself, but he is equally an enemy to the prejudices of opinion in other respects.

— Hazlitt, "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," 1817.

## FAMILIAR PASSAGES IN "AS YOU LIKE IT"

When you first take a play of Shakespeare's in hand, you soon begin to have the feeling that you have read this before, though you know you have not. The fact is, Shakespeare expressed the general mind and common feeling of us all in phrases so packed with meaning, so full of insight into human nature, so happy in figure and choice of words, that we have adopted them and added them to our stock of everyday language. Only the Bible has contributed more of these stock phrases to modern English speech. The result is that we are constantly quoting words and even whole lines from Shakespeare's plays without knowing it. Some of these unconscious quotations are "the king's English," "sweets to the sweet," "at a pin's fee," "what's in a name?" "last, but not least," "single blessedness," "the short and long of it," "forever and a day," "in my mind's eye," "the game is up," "what's done is done," "the pink of courtesy," "parting is such sweet sorrow," "I'll not budge an inch," etc.

"As You Like It" has many quotable passages, most of them very familiar. Some of these follow, which it will interest you to try to place by recalling when and where and by whom they were spoken. How many of them had you heard before you studied the play? Learn as many of them as you can.

1. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say many young gen-

tlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world.

2. Yet he's gentle, never schooled and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved.

3. Fortune reigns in the gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

4. Always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.

5. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

6. One out of suits with fortune.

7. Thus must I from the smoke into the smother.

8. O, how full of briers is this working-day world.

9. Treason is not inherited, my lord.

10. And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

11. Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

12. Sweet are the uses of adversity.

13. Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.

14. Your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

15. Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.

16. Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

17. We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

18. And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.

19. If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.

20. Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

21. This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

22. All the world's a stage.

23. Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.

24. The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.

25. He that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends.

26. Those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court.

27. Tongues I'll hang on every tree.

28. I will chide no breather in the world but myself against whom I know most faults.

29. The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

30. But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.

31. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

32. Omittance is no quittance.

33. I had rather have a fool to make me merry *than* experience to make me sad.

34. Men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

35. Men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.

36. O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

## WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT SHAKESPEARE

The facts that we know with absolute certainty about William Shakespeare can be given in a few meagre paragraphs. Some bare, prosaic records in Stratford and in the Stationers' Register in London, a few signatures, a will, a deed or two, an application for a coat-of-arms, an occasional mention of his name in court proceedings, in lists of actors, and in the works of fellow authors, — this is about all we have as the basis for a life of one of the greatest men that the world has produced. Traditions and quaint fanciful stories exist, as we might expect, in infinite number and variety. Many of these date back to the poet's own time, and therefore may have in them at least an element of truth. By far the greater number, however, gained popularity nearly a century after his death, when the curiosity of an age intensely interested in the drama began to look back and talk about the most marvellous of all the makers of plays. Few of these later traditions can be relied upon. Yet from the few scrappy facts that we have, supplemented by the earlier legends, and above all by a study of the plays themselves, it is possible to make a story of the poet's life, which, though by no means complete, is full enough to give us a fairly clear understanding of his growth in fame and business prosperity, and his development as a dramatist.

**Few facts known about Shakespeare.**

It is not strange that we know so little about Shakespeare. His age was not one of biographical writing. To-day a man of not one tenth part of his genius is besought by reporters for interviews concerning his life;

he is persuaded by admiring friends to write his memoirs; as his end approaches, every important newspaper in the land has an article of several columns ready to print the instant that word of his death comes over the wire. Three hundred and fifty years ago nothing of this kind was possible. Newspapers and magazines, genealogies and contemporary history did not exist. Encyclopædias, dictionaries of names, directories, "blue-books," and volumes of "Who's Who" had not been dreamed of. Personal correspondence was meagre, and what few letters were written seldom were preserved. Above all, a taste for reading the lives of men had not been formed. In fact, it was not until fifty years after Shakespeare's time that the art of biographical writing in England was really born. When we remember, in addition to these facts, that actors and playwrights then held a distinctly inferior position in society, and by the growing body of Puritans were looked upon with contempt and extreme disfavor, it is not surprising that no special heed was paid to the life of Shakespeare. On the contrary, it is astonishing that we know as much as we do about him, — fully as much as we know about most of the writers of his time, and even of many who lived much later.

**Why we know so little about Shakespeare.**

In the records of the 16th century there are numerous references to Shakespeares living in the midland counties of England, especially in Warwickshire. For the most part, they seem to have been substantial yeomen and plain farmers of sound practical sense rather than men of learning or culture. Some of them owned land and prospered. Such a one was John Shakespeare, who moved to Strat-

**The poet's father, John Shakespeare.**

ford-on-Avon about 1550 and became a dealer in malt and corn, meat, wool, and leather. He is referred to sometimes as a glover and a butcher. Probably he was both, and dealt besides in all the staples that farmers about the village produced and brought to market to sell. The fact that he could not write, which was nothing unusual among men of his station in the 16th century, did not prevent his prospering in business. For more than twenty years after the earliest mention of his name in the Stratford records, he is spoken of frequently and always in a way to show us that his financial standing in the community was steadily increasing. He seems also to have been a man of affairs. From one office to another he rose until in 1568 he held the position of High Bailiff, or Mayor of Stratford. Eleven years earlier his fortunes had been increased by his marriage to Mary Arden, the daughter of a prosperous farmer of the neighboring village of Wilmcote, who bequeathed to his daughter a house, with fifty acres of land, and a considerable sum of money. It is not fair, therefore, to speak of the father of William Shakespeare, as some have done, as "an uneducated peasant," or as "a provincial shopkeeper." At the time of the birth of his illustrious son he was one of the most prominent men in Stratford, decidedly well-to-do, respected and trusted by all.

The year before John Shakespeare brought his bride from Wilmcote to Stratford-on-Avon, he had purchased a house in Henley Street, and there he and his wife were living when their children were born. It was a cottage two stories high, with dormer windows, and of timber and plaster construction. Though frequently repaired and built over during the three hundred and fifty years that

**The house in which Shakespeare was born.**

have passed, it still remains in general appearance much the same as it looked in 1556. Simple, crude, plain, — it is nevertheless the most famous house in England, if not in the world. Noted men and women from all parts of the earth have visited Stratford to see it. Essays, stories, and poems have been written about it. Preserved in the care of the Memorial Society, it is the shrine of the literary pilgrim and the Mecca of tourists who flock during the summer to the quaint old village on the Avon. For here, in a small bare room on the second floor, William Shakespeare was born.

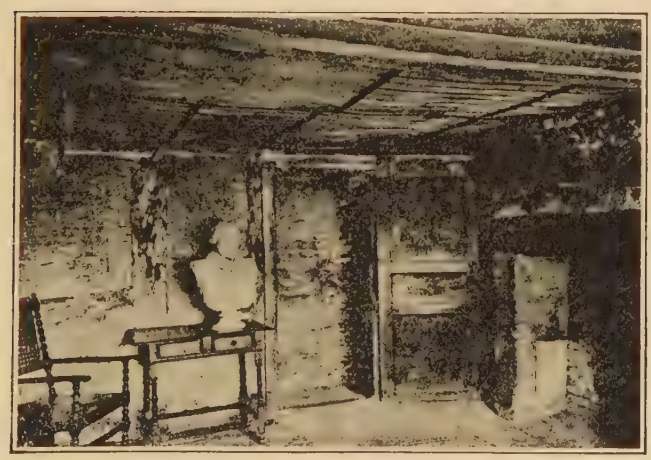
How little we know of Shakespeare, compared with even a minor poet of the 19th century, is shown by the fact that we are not certain of the exact date on which the greatest of all poets was born. The records of Holy Trinity Church in Stratford show that the child was baptized on April 26, 1564, and since it was the custom at that time for the baptism of children to take place on the third day after birth, it has been generally agreed that William was born on April 23, and that date is celebrated as his birthday. Tradition tells us, and probably truthfully, that it was also on this date, April 23, in 1616, that he died.

**Date of the poet's birth, April 23, 1564.**

Of the poet's boyhood we know next to nothing. It is a mistake, however, to assume that he lacked educational opportunities. There was in Stratford an excellent free Grammar School such as a bailiff's son would attend, and to which it is reasonable to suppose that the boy was sent. Here he studied chiefly Latin, for education then in England consisted almost entirely of the classics, especially Vergil, Ovid, Horace, and the comedies

**Shakespeare's boyhood and schooling, 1571–1577.**

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON



THE ROOM WHERE SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN

of Plautus and Terence. The comment of Ben Jonson, his fellow dramatist of later years, that Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek," should not be taken too literally. Compared with the profound scholarship of a college-trained man like Jonson, the Stratford boy had, to be sure, but little knowledge of the classics. Yet there is every evidence to show that he understood both Latin and French pretty well, and that he knew the Bible thoroughly. It is clear, too, that by nature he was a boy of remarkable powers of observation and keenly retentive memory, who used every opportunity about him for acquiring information and ideas. Whether he went to school or not would have made but little difference to one whose mind possessed rare powers of developing and training itself. Like Burns and Lincoln, he was educated more by people and the world of Nature about him than by books and formal teaching.

Ordinarily a boy of the 16th century would remain at the Grammar School from seven to fourteen, but there is a well-founded tradition that Shakespeare left in 1577, when he was thirteen years old, and never attended school again. About this time the records show that his father's financial difficulties began. Another pair of hands was needed at home to help in the support of the family, and William was the oldest son. Just how he was occupied, however, between his fourteenth and eighteenth years we cannot say. Probably he assisted his father in his declining business. One of the bits of Stratford gossip, collected by the antiquarian Aubrey, states that he was "in his younger years a school-master in the country," and another tells us that "when he was a boy he exercised his father's

**Five years in Stratford after leaving school, 1577–1582.**

trade. When he killed a calf, he would doe it in a high style and make a speech." It may be, as another reference seems to imply, that he was employed in the office of a lawyer. But we must not put too much confidence in these traditions, which, like all stories passed on by word of mouth, grew and changed as the years went by. As much as we should like to know of his employment, his reading, and all the circumstances that were developing his mind and character during these five important years, we must remember that "there is no reason why anything should have been recorded; he was an obscure boy living in an inland village, before the age of newspapers, and out of relation with people of fashion and culture. During this period as little is known of him as is known of Cromwell during the same period; as little, but no less. This fact gives no occasion either for surprise or scepticism as to his marvellous genius; it was an entirely normal fact concerning boys growing up in unliterary times and in rural communities."[1]

**His marriage to Anne Hathaway, 1582.**

The first really authentic record we have of Shakespeare after his school days is that of the baptism of his daughter Susanna, on May 26, 1583. The previous year, when only eighteen, he had married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a farmer in the neighboring village of Shottery. This picturesque hamlet was reached then from Stratford, as it is to-day, by a delightful foot-path through the wide and fertile fields of Warwickshire. Perhaps no other spot connected with the poet's life, except the house in which he was born, is dearer to people's hearts than the quaint old thatched-

[1] H. W. Mabie: "William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man," page 51.

Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Shottery

Interior of Anne Hathaway's Cottage

roof building known as "Anne Hathaway's cottage"; for it still stands, at least in part, as it was when the "youthful lover went courting through the meadows, past the 'bank where the wild thyme blows,' to Shottery." Two years after the birth of Susanna, in February, 1585, twins were born, and soon after the youthful husband and father left his native town to seek his fortunes in London.

**Reasons for leaving Stratford: the poaching tradition.**

It would be most interesting to know when and how and just why Shakespeare left Stratford, but no documents have been found that throw any certain light upon this portion of his life. It has generally been assumed that he found his way to the metropolis soon after the birth of his twins. Probably he walked by the highway through Oxford and Wycombe, or if he rode it was on horseback, purchasing a saddle-horse at the beginning of his journey, as was the custom then, and selling it upon his arrival in the city. There is an old tradition that, with other young men of the village, he had been involved in a poaching escapade upon the estate of Sir Thomas Lucy. In the first regular biography of Shakespeare written by Nicholas Rowe in 1709, nearly a hundred years after the poet's death, the story of this adventure is given as an actual fact. "He had, by a misfortune common enough among young fellows, fallen into ill company, and among them some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him, and though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost,

yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire and shelter himself in London." No trace of this ballad has been found; indeed, the whole story rests on gossip, and must not be taken too literally. It is supported, in a way, by the fact that Justice Shallow in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is unquestionably a humorous sketch, or caricature, of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote Hall, thus suggesting that whether he had been prosecuted and harried out of town by his wealthy neighbor or not, the youthful poet had some personal reasons for ridiculing the head of the Lucy family.

**Stratford too narrow a field for Shakespeare.**

Still another account explains Shakespeare's departure from Stratford by stating that he joined a company of strolling players. Though this may possibly have been the means of his finding congenial travelling companions, it seems more natural to suppose that he left his native village much as a boy to-day leaves a remote country town and goes to the city to seek his fortune. His father's affairs, we know, had been steadily declining; his own family was growing; business in many trades through the midland counties was poor; any ambitious and high-spirited youth would have become restless and discontented. What was more natural, under these circumstances, than the breaking of home-ties and moving to London for its larger opportunities?

The traditions that Shakespeare, upon his arrival in the capital about 1587, was employed in a printer's shop and a lawyer's office, are extremely doubtful. It seems much more likely that he became connected with the

theatre at once, either as a call-boy in the building itself, or as one of those who held the horses on which gallants of the city rode to the play-house. That he should have turned to the theatre rather than to business to get a foothold in London is not strange. Companies of players had frequently visited Stratford in his boyhood. Indeed, the people of his native town seem to have been exceptionally fond of the drama, a fact, as Mr. Mabie has pointed out, "of very obvious bearing on the education of Shakespeare's imagination and the bent of his mind toward a vocation." As a lad of eleven he probably saw the pageant at Kenilworth Castle, in honor of Queen Elizabeth's visit to the Earl of Leicester. The processions and gorgeous costumes of this occasion, the tableaux and scenes set forth by the actors from the city must have made a profound impression on the mind of the imaginative boy. Moreover, it was a time of widespread interest in everything dramatic. When Shakespeare was born in 1564, there was not a single building in London devoted to the presentation of plays. At the time of his death, fifty-two years later, there were at least nine. The development of the drama from simple morality plays and historical pageants given in tavern-yards and on village greens, to "Julius Caesar" and "Hamlet," covered the period of the poet's youth; so that when he arrived in London, more than ever before or since in English history, the theatre was of compelling interest and attraction.

**Shakespeare's first connection with the London theatres.**

The six years after his arrival in London are a blank. We must imagine him rapidly rising through various positions at the Rose or the Curtain, for a young man of his genius and enterprise would not long remain obscure.

It is certain that he became an actor before he wrote for the stage. By 1592, however, he had evidently earned sufficient fame as a playwright to stir the jealousy of Robert Greene, a rival author, who in that year refers bitterly to him as "in his owne conceit the only *Shakes-scene* in a countrie," and then parodies a line from an early play that is attributed to Shakespeare. While as an actor he was learning stagecraft in the best possible school, he was undoubtedly trying his prentice hand by mending old plays and contributing bits to the work of his older companions. These earliest dramatic writings may have been numerous, but they are either entirely lost or hidden in plays credited to other men. His progress from a clerk in a country store to a writer of drama is thus admirably described by Sidney Lee: "A young man of two-and-twenty, burdened with a wife and children, he had left his home in the little country town of Stratford-on-Avon in 1586 to seek his fortune in London. Without friends, without money, he had, like any other stage-struck youth, set his heart on becoming an actor in the metropolis. Fortune favoured him. He sought and won the humble office of call-boy in a London playhouse; but no sooner had his foot touched the lowest rung of the theatrical ladder than his genius taught him that the topmost rung was within his reach. He tried his hand on the revision of an old play, and the manager was not slow to recognize an unmatched gift for dramatic writing.[1]

**His earliest work as actor and playwright.**

It was not until 1593, when Shakespeare was twenty-nine, that he appeared openly in the field of authorship. On April 18 of that year his long poem "Venus and

[1] Sidney Lee: "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Playgoer," page 32.

Adonis" was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication. It was printed by Richard Field, a Stratford man who had come to London somewhat earlier than the poet, and though published without a name on the title-page, the dedication to the Earl of Southampton was signed "William Shakespeare." The same is true of "Lucrece," which was registered in May of 1594. These two long poems must have had wide popularity, for they are often praised by critics of the day, and in the poet's own lifetime several editions of both were issued. They were the means by which Shakespeare became known as an author, for though some of his dramatic work may have been printed before this, plays were not regarded then as literature to be read, whereas these poems were issued under the poet's supervision for the reading public, and were thus "the first fruits of his conscious artistic life."

**The first books published under his name.**

Both as actor and playwright, Shakespeare's fame rapidly increased after 1594; in fact, the eight years that followed saw him rise to the height of his powers. His name stands first on the list of "principal Comedians" who acted Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour" in 1598. Francis Meres in his "Palladis Tamia," published in the same year, speaks of the "mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare," and then proceeds to name twelve of his plays and compare him favorably with the Roman dramatists Seneca and Plautus. Even if this list is incomplete we see that already before 1598 he had written three of his most charming comedies, one of them "The Merchant of Venice," and at least one of the tragedies that ranks among his very greatest. From then until his retirement

**Progress in fame and fortune.**

to Stratford fourteen years later, there are frequent references to his plays which appeared with astonishing rapidity. The dates when they were written and first acted are often uncertain, but before 1612 he had produced more than twenty dramas which together constitute the most marvelous body of literary work that ever came from a human mind.

As an actor he did not continue to excel. If we may trust the sentiments of the sonnets, it is clear that he thoroughly disliked this part of his profession. Probably after 1604 he ceased to appear on the stage altogether. Financially it is certain that he was prosperous. We know, for one thing, that he owned shares in several London theatres, notably the Globe, where many of his own plays were first presented to enthusiastic London audiences. Then his successful application to the College of Heralds in 1599, on behalf of his father, for a grant of coat-of-arms; his purchase of several pieces of property in his native town; the records of lawsuits to recover debts which were owed him; numerous references which show us that he was looked upon as a man of means and standing; his friendship with Ben Jonson and other learned men of his day, — these facts, with the traditions of later generations, all convince us that the author of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" was a successful man of affairs, as well as one of the most prominent and best-loved dramatists of his time.

Although Shakespeare made London his home after 1584 or 1585, it is probable that he often visited Stratford where his family continued to reside. An old legend states that he frequently put up at the Crown Inn in Oxford on his way to and fro. Documents exist, moreover, which

Holy Trinity Parish Church, Stratford-on-Avon

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESE BE Y MAN Y SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE Y MOVES MY BONES.

Inscription on Shakespeare's Tomb

IVDICIO PYLIVM GENIO SOCRATEM ARTE MARONEM
TERRA TEGIT POPVLVS MÆRET, OLYMPVS HABET

STAY PASSENGER WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST,
READ IF THOV CANST WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH HATH PLAST
WITH IN THIS MONVMENT SHAKSPEARE: WITH WHOME
QVICK NATVRE DIDE WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK Y TOMBE
FAR MORE THEN COST: SIEH ALL Y HE HATH WRITT,
LEAVES LIVING ART BVT PAGE TO SERVE HIS WITT.

OBIIT ANO DOI 1616
ÆTATIS 53 DIE 23 APR.

Inscription on Shakespeare's Monument, Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon

show that he was constantly investing money in real estate in his native village, to which he seems to have looked forward as a pleasant retreat after the strenuous days of actor, theatre-manager, and playwright were over. Probably the breaking off of London ties was gradual; but it is doubtful whether he was much in the city after 1612, the year in which "Henry VIII," the last of his plays, was written. He now appears in the records as "William Shakespeare, Gent., of Stratford-on-Avon"; and there he lived with his well-won honors, respected and loved, for four years.

**Retirement from London, 1612.**

In the early spring of 1616, Shakespeare's youngest daughter, Judith, was married. A month later he made his will, and on April 25 the register of Christ Church in Stratford shows that he was buried. According to the lettering on the monument he died on April 23, and that date, the date of his birth fifty-two years before, has been generally accepted as the day of his death. He was buried in the chancel of the fine old church, not far from the spot where he had been christened, and over the place where he lies may still be seen the quaint lines which tradition tells us he himself wrote to be inscribed above him:—

**Death in Stratford, April 23, 1616.**

> Good Frend for Iesus Sake Forbeare,
> To Digg the Dust Encloased Heare:
> Blest be Ye Man Yt Spares thes Stones,
> And Curst be he Yt Moves My Bones.

Whether the poet wrote these threatening words or not, no sexton has disturbed his remains, and the grave of William Shakespeare in the beautiful church by the river he loved has remained unopened.

**Difficulties of determining the dates of the plays.**

One of the problems of Shakespearean scholars for more than a century has been to determine the exact years in which the various plays were written. For just as we have no details of the poet's life, so are the records of his work either extremely meagre or entirely lacking. Not a single manuscript of anything that Shakespeare wrote has been preserved. The fire which burned the Globe theatre to the ground in 1613 may have destroyed the original pages of all the dramas: and yet, interesting and precious as they would be to us to-day, it is doubtful whether we can attribute to their loss our lack of knowledge as to just when each was written. We must remember that in Elizabethan times plays were not considered literature to be read. After they had served their purpose on the stage and passed out of popular favor, they were set aside and wholly neglected. As long as there was the slightest chance of their being in demand at the theatre, the author and companies of actors did their best to keep them out of print altogether, apparently in the belief that attendance at the playhouse would suffer if the drama in book form was in the hands of the people. Moreover, among the most cultivated men of the day, and especially among the growing body of Puritans, there was a strong prejudice against the whole theatrical business. By them, actors were held in low esteem, and plays were looked upon as things of light, or even questionable, character. The modern conception that regards the drama as a high and artistic form of literature had not been born.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that during his own lifetime only sixteen of Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays appeared in print. These editions, which are known to-day as the Quartos, were small, cheaply-made, paper-bound pamphlets usually sold for a sixpence each. It is generally believed that they were issued without the poet's consent, and probably even against his wishes. Several of them were undoubtedly printed from shorthand notes taken slyly at a performance in the theatre. Others may have been set up from the soiled and tattered copies of a needy actor who had been secretly bribed to part with them. The confusion and strange blunders in the text show us that these Quartos were the careless and hasty work of piratical printers; indeed, it is almost certain that Shakespeare himself did not revise or in any way prepare a single one of them for the press.

**The Quarto editions of the plays.**

Inexact and inadequate as are the pirated Quarto editions, they would probably be the only plays of Shakespeare known to us to-day had it not been for a remarkable book that appeared seven years after his death. In 1623 two of the poet's friends put forth in a single volume his complete dramatic works. These men, John Heminge and Henry Condell, — names which are forever linked with Shakespeare's, — were actors in the same company with him, and, with Burbage, were joint owners of the Globe Theatre. The great dramatist, as a token of lifelong friendship, in his will bequeathed to them and to Burbage the sum of twenty-six shillings and eight pence to buy rings; and they in turn collected and edited his plays 'to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow

**The First Folio edition of the plays.**

alive." It is a large volume of 901 pages in two columns of fine print, and on the title-page, besides a crude engraving of the poet, are these words:

Mr. William
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES

Published according to the True Original Copies.

LONDON
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

This is perhaps the most important volume in the whole range of English literature, for in it appeared for the first time in print twenty of Shakespeare's plays, among them "The Tempest," "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," "Cymbeline," and others of the dramatist's masterpieces. Heminge and Condell had access to stage copies of these plays which in another generation might have been lost or destroyed by fire; so that their work, coming when it did, saved for us a large portion of the finest poetry and deepest wisdom of Shakespeare's mind. It is no wonder that the 156 extant copies of this notable book are preserved as priceless treasures; for no other single volume ever did a greater service to literature than this Folio of 1623.

Although Heminge and Condell must have known in many cases the exact years in which Shakespeare was at work upon his various plays, they did not consider such

information of sufficient interest to include it in their edition. Well might we spare some of the tiresome eulogies, which they printed in their preface, for a page or two of facts that they so easily might have included. As it stands, however, the First Folio helps but little in arranging the chronology of the comedies and tragedies. And yet, in spite of all difficulties, by painstaking research scholars have come to a pretty general agreement upon the dates of composition of most of the plays. The evidence which they have used may be divided into two kinds, external and internal, — that is, evidence found outside of the plays, and evidence found within the works themselves. External evidence consists of such information as has been obtained from records of performances in diaries and letters; quotations and allusions in other books; entries in the register of the Stationers' Company, which for nearly three hundred years regulated the publication of all books in England; records of the Master of Revels at Court, and of course the dates on the title-pages of the Quartos themselves. A good illustration of this sort of evidence is the journal of a certain Dr. Simon Forman, in which he mentions the fact that in 1610 and 1611 he witnessed performances of "Macbeth," "Cymbeline," and "The Winter's Tale" at the Globe. Another is the celebrated passage in the "Palladis Tamia," or "Wit's Treasury," of Francis Meres, which was published in 1598: "As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines, so *Shakespeare* among y^e^ English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witness his *Gētlemē of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labors lost*, his *Love*

**Dates of composition: external evidence.**

*labours wonne*, his *Midsummers night dreame*, & his *Merchant of Venice:* for Tragedy, his *Richard the 2*, *Richard the 3*, *Henry the 4*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo* and *Iuliet.*" Such references as these give a definite year, later than which the plays referred to could not have been written. With a starting point thus settled, it is often possible to work backward and fix definitely the date of composition.

**Dates of composition: internal evidence.**

Internal evidence, though seldom as exact as external, and therefore more difficult to interpret, is much more abundant. It may be nothing more than a reference in the mouth of an actor to events or books the dates of which are known, such as the words in the Prologue to "Henry V" that refer to the expedition of the Earl of Essex to Ireland in 1599. More often it deals with considerations of the metre, language, and form of the work itself. By studying such matters as classical allusions, the use of Latin words, kinds of figures of speech, puns, variations of verse and prose, and many other changing peculiarities of the poet's method, scholars have been able to trace the development of Shakespeare as a writer, and thus assign many of his plays to their probable year on no other evidence than their style. For instance, the date of "Julius Caesar" is generally agreed to be not earlier than 1601 from the poet's use of the word "eternal" in the phrase "the eternal devil." As late as 1600 Shakespeare was using "infernal" in such expressions, but after that year he began to use "eternal," owing probably to the increasing objection among Puritans of London to the use of profanity on the stage. Even such a simple matter as the number of rhyming lines in a play may help to

place it approximately. In "Love's Labour's Lost," the earliest of the comedies, there are 1028 rhymes; whereas in "The Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest," written twenty years later, there are none and two respectively. It is therefore safe to assume that as Shakespeare's style developed he used rhyme less and less, so that tragedies with but few rhyming lines, such as "Antony and Cleopatra" and "Coriolanus," may be assigned, if on no other ground, to the later years of his life. Such matters of structure and style are by no means always certain. They are delicate to handle and require sound judgment and long experience. Yet it is by this sort of internal evidence, rather than by external facts, that the chronology of the plays has been determined.

**Probable dates of the plays.**

The following table gives the result of research and comparison, of proof and conjecture, on the part of Shakespearean scholars. There still remain, of course, many differences of opinion; some of the dates are less certain than others; a few are almost entirely the result of guesswork. Yet when we consider the meagre data upon which students have built their conclusions, their lack of agreement seems remarkably slight and insignificant.

**Plays printed before 1623.**

Of the thirty-seven plays in the following table, the sixteen which appeared in Quarto editions during the poet's life were "Titus Andronicus," 1594; "Richard II," "Richard III," and "Romeo and Juliet," 1597; "1 Henry IV" and "Love's Labour's Lost," 1598; "The Merchant of Venice," "Henry V," "Much Ado About Nothing," "2 Henry IV," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 1602; "Hamlet,"

## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS AND POEMS

| Period | Year | Poems | Comedies | Histories | Tragedies |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| I | 1590 | | Love's Labour's Lost | 1 Henry VI | |
| | 1591 | | Comedy of Errors | 2 Henry VI; 3 Henry VI | |
| | 1592 | | Two Gentlemen of Verona | Richard III | Romeo and Juliet |
| | 1593 | Venus and Adonis | | King John | Titus Andronicus |
| II | 1594 | Lucrece | A Midsummer Night's Dream | | |
| | 1595 | | Taming of the Shrew | Richard II | |
| | 1596 | | Merchant of Venice | | |
| | 1597 | | Merry Wives of Windsor | 1 Henry IV | |
| | 1598 | | Much Ado About Nothing | 2 Henry IV | |
| | 1599 | Passionate Pilgrim? | As You Like It | Henry V | |
| | 1600 | | Twelfth Night | | |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| III | 1601 | Phoenix and the Turtle? | Troilus and Cressida | | Julius Caesar |
| | 1602 | | All's Well that Ends Well | | Hamlet |
| | 1603 | | Measure for Measure | | |
| | 1604 | | | | Othello |
| | 1605 | | | | King Lear |
| | 1606 | | | | Macbeth |
| | 1607 | | | | Timon of Athens |
| | 1608 | A Lover's Complaint. | Pericles | | Antony and Cleopatra |
| | 1609 | Sonnets (Printed) | | | Coriolanus |
| IV | 1610 | | Cymbeline | | |
| | 1611 | | Winter's Tale; Tempest | | |
| | 1612 | | | Henry VIII | |

1603; "King Lear," 1608; "Troilus and Cressida," and "Pericles," 1609. In addition to these, a Quarto of "Othello" was printed in 1622. The other twenty plays were not published, so far as we know, until 1623, when Heminge and Condell included them in the First Folio.

**Periods of Shakespeare's development.**

The periods shown in the table are, of course, wholly artificial. Shakespeare himself had no such division of his works in mind, and it is dangerous for us to-day to press very far the suggestion of clearly defined compartments for the plays. The development of the dramatist, like that of any artist, was gradual. Changes in style, in method, in views of life took place not in a single year, but were the result of slowly expanding power and growth of character. In that growth there were no sudden breaks or unaccountable transformations. The mind that created "Hamlet" in 1602 was the same mind that created "Twelfth Night" in 1600, no matter how black the line that separates them into two different periods. Yet a glance at the divisions in the table reveals two or three interesting facts.

**The years of experiment, 1590–1593.**

When Shakespeare has gained a foothold in the London theatres he first turns his hand to old plays, touching them up, remodelling, and improving. This is his natural work as an apprentice playwright. As he gains confidence and strikes out for himself, he experiments with all the forms of playwriting that then are known. Thus in "Love's Labour's Lost" we find one of the very few works the plot of which is his own invention; in "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" he imitates the Latin comedies of Plautus; in "Richard III" and "King John"

he attempts historical tragedy, and in "Romeo and Juliet" he gives us tragedy, full of romance and passion, drawn from Italy whence so many of his stories of later years are to come. The four years from 1590 to 1593 are evidently years of feeling about, testing himself, and experimenting. Naturally he writes with great rapidity: he is full of enthusiasm and the impetuous rush of youth. All that he does shows signs of a beginner and an unsettled purpose. We therefore do not expect to find highly finished work. As a matter of fact, with the exception of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Richard III," none of the plays of this early period are acted on the stage to-day or often read.

It is now that Shakespeare writes his two long story poems, — "Venus and Adonis" in 1593 and "Lucrece" in 1594. In them he retells classical legends taken chiefly from the Roman poet Ovid. Their elaborate and florid language reminds us of similar narrative poems of the period. In their spirit and style they resemble the early plays, but in one important respect they differ: they are published with their author's name on the title-page. Unlike the Quartos of the dramas, Shakespeare prepares these poems for the press. Their popularity surpasses even that of the comedies. Seven editions of "Venus and Adonis" are issued between 1593 and 1602, and five of "Lucrece" between 1594 and 1616. Among the reading public of his day he becomes more widely known by them than by his work for the stage. He is now, in the eyes of the learned world, an author and creator of real literature.

**The poems.**

By 1594 the years of apprenticeship are over; Shakespeare has found where his powers lie. He is still young

and ardent; the sadder and more serious things of life have not yet come to him; he sympathizes with the demands of the London populace to be amused. The results are the last of the histories and seven years of comedies, — the fullest, and we may well believe, the happiest time of his life as a dramatist. His power of expression, his skill in constructing a play, — above all, his keen insight into human nature, — develop with astonishing rapidity, until he is the favorite playwright of his day. In wit and enthusiasm, in pure poetry and "gusto," in creation of interesting and delightful character, the plays from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to "Twelfth Night" stand unmatched. Not one of them has faded after three hundred years: they still are acted and read with profit and pleasure. Together they form "the rich period of unsurpassable comedy."

**The great comedies, 1594–1600.**

But youth and rollicking fun, high spirits and unbroken happiness, do not last. With the end of the century comes a turning-point in Shakespeare's life. Perhaps it is personal grief and suffering; possibly it is poor health and for the first time the thought that his own death may not be far away; possibly it is disappointment in his friends or his ambitions; or it may be simply a deeper wisdom coming with maturer years that now begins to make him think more and more of the greater and more serious things of life. The passions, the temptations, the moral struggles of mankind now absorb his interest. Naturally, comedy and history are inadequate for the expression of these deeper thoughts and emotions. With "Julius Caesar" begin the great tragedies, that "series of spectacles of the pity and terror

**The great tragedies, 1601–1609.**

of human suffering and human sin without parallel in the modern world."[1] Even the three comedies of these years are comedies only in name. Throughout them there is the atmosphere of suffering and sin. Their theme and spirit are more in keeping with "Hamlet" and "King Lear" than with the merrymaking and joyous fun of "As You Like It" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Thus every play of this period has a tragic motive, for during its nine years the mind and heart of the poet are concerned with the saddest and deepest things of human life.

**The sonnets.**

In 1609, toward the close of this period of tragedy, Shakespeare prints his volume of sonnets, one hundred and fifty-four in number. Some of them must have been written much earlier. Their style and youthful spirit show that; but besides, as early as 1598, Francis Meres spoke of Shakespeare's "sugred Sonnets among his private friends." Yet many of them show such power, such masterful handling of profound thought, such noble poetic form, that they seem to come from the years that produced "Hamlet" and "Othello." Probably the poet has been writing them off and on ever since he came to London, and now in 1609 he puts them at last into book form. It is well that he does so; for to-day every one who enjoys poetry reads them with delight. Unlike "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" they do not fade; they are among the most perfect sonnets in our language, and they contain some of the finest lines that ever came from Shakespeare's pen. Here are two of the most admired:

[1] "The Facts about Shakespeare," Neilson and Thorndike. The Macmillan Company, 1915.

29.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

116.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken;
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

The storm and stress of tragedy, however, does not continue to the end. In the last years Shakespeare turns

away from the bitterness and sorrow of life, and leaves us as his final message three romantic comedies of delightful charm. The calm and quiet humor of these plays is very different from the boisterous farce of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and the buffoonery of the clowns in the earlier dramas; but their beauty and sweetness and idealism make a happy and fitting close to the poet's work. In "Henry VIII," which shows brilliant flashes of his genius, and in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," which is not generally included among his plays, he writes in collaboration with John Fletcher, or with some other of the younger dramatists of these later years. He has made his fortune; he knows that his work is done; he is looking fondly toward his Stratford home, and so he turns over his place to other men.

**The later comedies, 1610–1612.**

First, — imitating, feeling his way, experimenting, rapidly and eagerly trying everything about him; then seven full years of whole-souled joy of living, enthusiasm, laughter, and fun; then deeper emotions and profound thought upon the saddest and most serious things of life; then a happier time of calm reflection and repose, followed by retirement from active work in London to the peaceful village home on the Avon; then, after four quiet years, the end. Thus, in a way, we begin to understand the development of Shakespeare's mind and character by a study of the years in which he wrote his plays and poems.

**Summary.**

## SHAKESPEARE'S POPULARITY IN HIS OWN DAY

**Shakespeare widely appreciated in his own lifetime.**

There somehow exists a quite general feeling that Shakespeare's genius was not properly appreciated in his own time; that dramatists, now ranked far below him, were more popular with audiences in the days of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. Whether this notion comes from the scarcity of facts which we have concerning the poet's life, it is hard to say. Certainly such a belief must be ranked among the most unfortunate of popular errors. There is ample evidence to show that he was not only popular with uneducated London tradesmen and apprentices who thronged the pit of the Globe, but in the best critical judgment of the day he was considered the first of poets and dramatists. "Throughout his lifetime," says Sidney Lee, "and for a generation afterwards, his plays drew crowds to pit, boxes, and gallery alike. It is true that he was one of a number of popular dramatists, many of whom had rare gifts, and all of whom glowed with a spark of genuine literary fire. But Shakespeare was the sun in the firmament: when his light shone, the fires of all contemporaries paled in the playgoer's eye."[1]

**Evidences of his popularity.**

Many bits of evidence have come down to us that show how high a place in people's hearts the plays of Shakespeare held in their author's lifetime. For instance, when he had been in London but ten years he was summoned by Queen Elizabeth to play before her and the court at Greenwich in the

[1] Sidney Lee: "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Playgoer."

Christmas holidays. The favor which King James showed his tragedies is well known. "Hamlet" was acted several times in the first year of its production, both in London and at Oxford and Cambridge. Four editions were printed in eight years,—an unusual demand for those times. Moreover, the name of Shakespeare appears in the works of contemporary authors more than that of any other dramatist, and almost invariably it is coupled with praise and admiration. He is the "mellifluous" and "honey-tongued" poet. One sets him above Plautus and Seneca; another prefers him to Chaucer, Gower, and Spenser; another declares that "he puts them all down, ay, and Ben Jonson, too." In the preface of the first complete edition of his plays, published seven years after his death, the compilers, who were his fellow-actors and friends, wrote of him that he was one "who as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse that wee have scarse received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough both to draw and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe and againe; and if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him."

**Ben Jonson's praise of Shakespeare.**

A part of the introductory material of this First Folio edition of the plays consists of poems of praise contributed by the poet's admirers. Among the most famous are the noble lines

of Ben Jonson, scholar, poet, and dramatist. Here are the words of a thoughtful critic who knew the theatre from the stage and from the audience, — a man who had been associated with Shakespeare throughout his London career and who understood, better than any other, his place in the hearts of English people.

### TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too much.

* * * * * * * *

Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My SHAKESPEARE, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses, —
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek
From thence to honour thee I would not seek

For names, but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for a comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain to scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.

And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnèd and true filèd lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

Even without these lines and numerous other bits of unqualified praise from contemporary pens, the fact that the plays were financially successful, and that from them their author made for those times a small fortune, shows us that Shakespeare was truly appreciated by all sorts of people in his own day. Before his death he had taken the place which he now holds, — that of the foremost of English poets and dramatists.

## SHAKESPEARE'S FAME SINCE HIS DEATH

During the three hundred years since Shakespeare's death the popularity of his plays on the stage has naturally varied somewhat with the changing taste of the times. Toward the end of his life a decline in the drama had begun, so that the generation which followed was more pleased by the coarse blood-and-thunder tragedies of Webster, Ford, and Massinger than by the more profound and more artistic work of Shakespeare. Certain ones of the plays that very early ceased to be popular on the stage have never since come into favor. Most of the histories, two or three of the earliest comedies, "All's Well That Ends Well," "Measure for Measure," "Pericles," "Timon of Athens," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Coriolanus" have seldom been acted since they were first produced. The subjects of some of these are not suitable to present in a modern theatre; in others, as in the histories, there is not enough action or dialogue to satisfy an audience to-day. Yet these make but a small portion of the poet's work. With the exception of the twenty years, 1640–1660, when all theatres in England were closed under the censorship of Cromwell's Puritan Government, there never has been an age that has not had the opportunity to see its foremost actors in the greater comedies and tragedies that came from Shakespeare's pen.

**Shakespeare on the stage since 1616.**

During the reign of Charles II, in the period known as the Restoration, and for the forty years that followed, literary taste was at its lowest mark. Naturally Shakespeare suffered at a time when the coarse and artificial

plays of Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar fascinated both the nobility and the common people of London. His dramas, to be sure, were still presented on the stage, but they were generally worked over, or even rewritten, to suit the strange fancies of the age. With music, new scenes, and new characters they were mutilated almost beyond recognition. From one point of view they were spoiled; yet it is significant that even to the theatre-goers of 1680 they still had enough vitality and imaginative power to be made the foundation of popular and successful entertainments. Dryden, the chief poet of the time, admired the genius of their author, and wrote prefaces for them in their renovated form. Betterton, the greatest actor of the age, was regarded at his best as the Prince in "Hamlet," a part which he played on many occasions, and always to enthusiastic houses. Samuel Pepys, who kept a remarkable diary between 1661 and 1669, records in his journal three hundred and fifty-one visits to the London theatres during these eight years. On forty-one of these occasions he saw plays by Shakespeare, or plays based upon them. Though Pepys was entirely unable to appreciate the poetry and all the finer qualities of what he heard, — he speaks in especially slighting terms of the comedies, — still it is interesting to know that he had even the opportunity, in eight short years, to witness fourteen different works of the great Elizabethan dramatist. This, too, in England's darkest age of literary appreciation!

**The feeling for Shakespeare during the Restoration, 1660–1740.**

The middle of the eighteenth century saw a new and genuine enthusiasm for Shakespeare. Scholars began to study his life and his work. New editions were published,

with notes and comment. The plays were revived on the stage in their original and true form. A great interest in all that he had said and thought was born, — an interest which grew through the years that followed, and still is growing. The foremost actors of all times have turned to him for their most ambitious work, and the crowning of their professional achievement. Perhaps the greatest of them all was David Garrick. "From his first triumph in Richard III, in 1741, to his farewell performance of Lear in 1776, he won a series of signal successes in both tragedy and comedy, in Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, Richard III, Falconbridge, Romeo, Hotspur, Iago, Leontes, Posthumus, Benedick, and Antony. Garrick's services to Shakespeare extended beyond the parts which he impersonated. He revived many plays, and though he garbled the texts freely, yet in comparison with earlier practice he really had some right to boast that he had restored the text of Shakespeare to the stage. Further, his example led to an increased popularity of Shakespeare in the theatre and afforded new incentives for other actors. Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard were among the women who acted with Garrick. Macklin, by his revival of Shylock as a tragic character, Henderson, by his impersonation of Falstaff, and John Palmer in secondary characters, as Iago, Mercutio, Touchstone, and Sir Tobey, were his contemporaries most famous in their day."[1] After Garrick came Mrs. Kemble, Edmund Kean, Mrs. Siddons, Macready, and Booth, — names remembered to-day chiefly in connection with the Shakespearean rôles which they nobly played.

**The great actors in Shakespeare's plays.**

[1] Neilson and Thorndike: "The Facts about Shakespeare," page 174.

Conditions have not changed in our own time. The greatest actors of our own generation, Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Helena Modjeska, Ada Rehan, Forbes Robertson, Beerbohm Tree, Julia Marlowe, and Edward Sothern, have been seen at their best in the comedies and tragedies of Shakespeare. Even in the twentieth century, with musical comedies, vaudeville, and moving-pictures to contend with, his plays are presented in greater number than are the plays of any other man who has ever lived. Nor are they revived merely for the sake of sentiment. They draw large audiences of all sorts of people. They still pay as purely business undertakings. "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" still earn money for actors and theatre-managers as they did three centuries ago. What is far more important, they still give pleasure and amusement, they still stir laughter and tears and awaken the imagination as they did at the Globe in London in the lifetime of their creator.

**Shakespeare on the stage to-day.**

Shakespeare, we know, wrote his plays to be acted: to him they were distinctly stage productions to be seen and heard at the theatre. So little did he think of their being read that he apparently had no concern about them in their book form. To-day, on the contrary, though they still are presented on the stage, it is in school and college classrooms, in libraries, and in homes that they are chiefly known. New editions are constantly appearing. Plays and novels that were popular twenty years

**Shakespeare's plays read, as well as acted.**

ago are out of print and difficult to find; the works of Shakespeare, in a dozen different forms, are in every book-store of England and America. Quite apart from their acting qualities, they have come to be regarded as the highest type of literature in our language.

This is not the place to give an extensive criticism of Shakespeare's works, nor a full analysis of the reasons why the world regards them so highly apart from their value as stage performances. It will be enough to remind the student that in nothing that has ever been written do we find a clearer or more faithful portrayal of all the varying moods and emotions of human nature. The characters which Shakespeare has created live in our minds both as individuals and as types of the ideal. He strips away the petty things from life and shows us the eternal elements underneath. He has that wonderful and rare quality called universality; for he expresses the thoughts and feelings of us all, — the things which we know to be great and true. Somewhere in his plays everyone finds himself, and the discovery, though he may not realize it at the time, makes a lasting impression. For Shakespeare is the supreme teacher: he suggests, but does not preach, the art of living. Other men have done all this. But Shakespeare has left us his wisdom and his interpretation of life in a more beautiful and stately diction, in phrasing more apt and pleasing, in poetry of greater imaginative power, than has ever come from the mind of man.

**Why Shakespeare lives.**

More books have been written about Shakespeare than about any other person who ever lived.[1] This is not surpris-

[1] For titles of those books on Shakespeare most interesting to students and teachers, see page 194.

ing when we consider that the interest in his plays, which has existed now for three centuries, is world-wide, and when we remember that the language in which he wrote often needs explanation and comment to make it perfectly clear to the average reader to-day. Almost every English and American poet of note has left a tribute to the greatest of all poets. Perhaps the best known are Milton's famous Epitaph, printed on page ix of this volume, and Ben Jonson's lines contributed to the First Folio in 1623, which are given on page 160. Here are a few other short poems, or selections from poems, which give honor and praise to those characteristics that have made Shakespeare the inspiration and the guiding-star of poets since Elizabethan times.

JAMES THOMSON

For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?

*Summer* — 1727.

WILLIAM COLLINS

The temper of our isle, though cold, is clear;
And such our genius, noble though severe.
Our Shakespeare scorn'd the trifling rules of art,
But knew to conquer and surprise the heart!
In magic chains the captive thought to bind,
And fathom all the depths of human kind!

*On our Late Taste in Music* — 1747.

THOMAS GRAY

FAR from the sun and summer gale
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smiled.
"This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

*The Progress of Poesy* — 1757.

HENRY ALFORD

WE stood upon the tomb of him whose praise,
Time, nor oblivious thrift, nor envy chill,
Nor war, nor ocean with her severing space,
Shall hinder from the peopled world to fill;
And thus, in fulness of our heart, we cried:
God's works are wonderful — the circling sky,
The rivers that with noiseless footing glide,
Man's firm-built strength, and woman's liquid eye;
But the high spirit that sleepeth here below,
More than all beautiful and stately things,
Glory to God the mighty Maker brings;
To whom alone 'twas given the bounds to know
Of human action, and the secret springs
Whence the deep streams of joy and sorrow flow.

*Stratford-upon-Avon* — 1837.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

THERE Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world: O eyes sublime
With tears and laughter for all time!

*A Vision of Poets* — 1844.

LEIGH HUNT

. . . HUMANITY's divinest son,
That sprightliest, gravest, wisest, kindest one . . .

*Thoughts of the Avon* — 1844.

ROBERT BROWNING

— I DECLARE our Poet, him
Whose insight makes all others dim:
A thousand Poets pried at life,
And only one amid the strife
Rose to be Shakespeare.

*Christmas Eve and Easter Day* — 1850.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

GREAT poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

*To Shakespeare* — 1851.

William Wetmore Story

. . . Shakespeare, whose strong soul could climb
Steeps of sheer terror, sound the ocean grand
Of Passion's deeps, or over Fancy's strand
Trip with his fairies, keeping step and time.
His, too, the power to laugh out full and clear,
With unembittered joyance, and to move
Along the silent, shadowy paths of love
As tenderly as Dante, whose austere,
Stern spirit through the worlds below, above,
Unsmiling strode, to tell their tidings here.

*The Mighty Makers, II* — 1851.

Matthew Arnold

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask — thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure
Didst tread on earth unguess'd at. — Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

*Shakespeare* — 1867.

## THE THEATRE OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

When Shakespeare left Stratford and went to London, theatres were in their infancy. The first one had been built in 1576, when he was a lad of twelve, and on his arrival in the city there were but three small wooden structures devoted to the production of plays. Enthusiasm for the drama, however, was aglow. With the sanction of Queen Elizabeth, herself a lover of pageants and revels, and under the patronage of the powerful Earls of Leicester, Southampton, and Rutland, the popular demand for this form of amusement grew with amazing rapidity. Theatres shot up one after another until in 1633 there were at least nineteen in London, "a number," says Brandes, "which no modern town of 300,000 inhabitants can equal." Poets, courtiers, scholars, — everyone who could write, — turned to the making of plays. The art which Shakespeare found in its crude and humble beginnings, in the short period of his active life, that is, between 1585 and 1610, developed through every stage to its highest form, so that never in the three hundred years that have since elapsed has the drama of the Elizabethan days been surpassed. In this development Shakespeare was "a pioneer — almost the creator or first designer — as well as the practised workman in unmatched perfection."[1]

**Popularity of the first theatres.**

Though the first theatre in England was not erected until Shakespeare was twelve years old, long before his time there had been many different kinds of simple plays. The instinct to act out a story had existed from the child-

[1] Sidney Lee: "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Playgoer."

hood of the race. With the earliest telling of legends and folktales by minstrels and bards there had often been occasion for dramatic recital, dialogue, and action. For centuries, too, there had been the solemn mysteries and quaint old moralities. Mummers and bands of strolling players had wandered over Europe throughout the Middle Ages. The drama, therefore, which flowered in the last half of the sixteenth century, was not a new and sudden birth, but rather came as the natural outgrowth of centuries of crude and humble plays. In the beginning these had been closely connected with the service of the church; in fact, they had been a means of religious instruction rather than a form of amusement. To understand this more clearly, let us compare their origin with that of the Greek drama in earlier ages still.

**Plays before theatres were built.**

Many, many centuries before Shakespeare was born, — five or six hundred years B.C., — the God Dionysus, or Bacchus, was worshipped in Greece at country festivals by boisterous groups of men who chanted and marched and exchanged bantering jests as they danced about the altar and acted out legends connected with the god. These actors, who represented the satyr followers of Dionysus, generally were clad in goatskins, whence we have our word "tragedy," from the Greek *tragos*, a goat, and *tragodia*, a goat-song. From these simple beginnings sprang the drama of Greece, which produced Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The religious element persisted in ancient times much longer than in England, for the plays of the Greek dramatists who correspond to Shakespeare were still a form of worship. In the center of the orchestra

**The religious origin of the Greek drama.**

stood the altar of Dionysus, about which the chorus moved in solemn procession, chanting and reciting; before the performance began there were sacrifices to the god, and the plays were given in the spring on the days of the Dionysian festival. Greek tragedy was therefore not merely an entertainment, but a serious religious function. Beginning as a popular form of Nature worship, it finally became a means of expression for the most serious and finest of Greek thought and wisdom. As it spread from Athens to other towns, little by little it ceased to be a religious affair, until at last, as it gradually lost its vitality and splendor, its relation to the worship of Dionysus entirely disappeared. In similar fashion, comedy (from *comos*, a band of revellers, and *odé*, a song) developed from the ruder, more rustic elements in the worship of the same god, though here, as we might expect, the religious element did not persist as long as it did in its greater and more serious cousin, tragedy.

**English drama begins in the Church.**

More than eighteen hundred years later, in England, we find the beginnings of the drama again closely related to worship. At a time when few of the common people could read, the priests in the churches found no method of teaching their congregations the stories of the Bible so effective as the use of objects and pictures which appealed to the eye. The effectiveness of their teaching was enormously increased when they added movement, action, and talk to their picture lessons. Indeed, it was but a step from the impressive and beautiful service of the Mass to a dramatic presentation, in simple form, of the most solemn scenes in religious history. "In this manner the people not only *heard* the story of the Adoration of the Magi and of the

Marriage in Cana, but *saw* the story in tableau. In course of time the persons in these tableaux spoke and moved, and then it was but a logical step to the representation dramatically, by the priests before the altar, of the striking or significant events in the life of Christ."[1]

**The Mysteries and Miracle Plays.**

Thus in the services of the church at Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter were laid the foundations of our modern drama. These earliest performances, which were called Mysteries, dealt wholly with Bible stories, from the Creation to the Day of Judgment, and with the life of Christ; but as they became more and more popular with the masses, a broader field of subjects was sought, and lives of saints were used for dramatic material in the Miracle Plays of a century later. Not only were the priests the authors of both these simple forms of drama, but with the choir boys they were also the actors. For many years these plays were given on Holy Days and Saints' Days, either at the altar in the church itself, or in the enclosure just outside its walls. Their object continued to be largely religious instruction. In the Miracle plays, however, there were opportunities for a good deal of grotesque amusement. Incidents in the lives of the saints were not always serious or spiritual. The Devil gradually became more or less of a comic character. As the performances grew less solemn and awe-inspiring, the attitude of the people toward them changed. No longer did they attend them to worship, but rather to see a show and be amused. Gradually, therefore, they became separated from the service of the church, until finally they were banished once for all from the sacred walls, and but a few years after they had been

[1] W. H. Mabie: "William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man."

given at the altar they were being denounced by the priests as base and wicked things. Indeed, the feeling that plays are devices and temptations of Satan, which still exists, may be traced to the time, four centuries ago, when the drama lost favor with the Church.

**Trade-Guilds and the plays.**

The Mysteries and Miracle Plays did not decline in popularity when they were abandoned by the various religious orders. On the contrary, with the greater freedom and larger opportunity which separation from the church gave them, they increased rapidly in the people's favor. They were now taken up by the trade-guilds which, by the fifteenth century, developed elaborate and systematic methods of presenting them. Often different groups of tradesmen, such as the weavers' guild or the goldsmiths' guild, would unite, each band or "company" presenting an act or scene in the play to be undertaken. Huge, two-story covered wagons, somewhat like our large moving-vans to-day, took the place of stage and property-rooms. The actors dressed in the enclosed part of the vehicle, and then mounted a ladder or some rough stairs to the top story, or roof, where they performed their parts. Announced by heralds, — sometimes even by proclamation of the Mayor, — these pageants, as they were called, were drawn through the town on holidays and occasions of special festival. In the course of its progress the moving-stage would stop several times, — at the corners of the principal streets, in a public square, often at the doors of a church or cathedral. Then the crowd which had been following in its wake gathered about it to witness again the drama of Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden, of Noah, the flood and the ark, of Pilate and Herod, or one of the

numberless other stories with which they had been familiar from childhood.

Miracle Plays and Mysteries were followed by the Moralities in which abstract qualities such as Pleasure, Slander, Rage, Perseverance, and the Seven Deadly Sins took the place of characters from the Bible. This was a long stride forward. Now the field of subjects was greatly enlarged. Originality both in writing plays and in producing them was now first in demand. Opportunity had come at last for the creation of character, and for the use of everyday life on the stage. "Everyman," which has often been acted in our time, is a good example of what the Moralities at their best could be. Like the Miracle plays they were generally given by the guilds in marketplaces, enclosures of castles, and inn-yards where people could watch them from windows and balconies, as well as from the ground about the portable stage. Heavy, crude, and dull as these old plays now seem to us, they were intensely enjoyed by the populace of those far-away simpler times. From the eagerness and excitement with which they awaited their coming to town, or travelled long distances to see them, it is evident that a love of acting was inborn in the hearts of the people which sooner or later would develop a more finished and artistic drama.

**The Moralities.**

None of the performers in the Mysteries or Miracle Plays had been professional actors; but now with the Moralities came the opportunity for men to make a business of acting. As religious subjects gradually disappeared from the pageant stage, actors by profession came into existence. Wandering minstrels and story-tellers, mummers

**Acting as a profession; companies of actors.**

and strolling players, began to join together in troops for protection and companionship. "From the days of Henry VI onwards, members of the nobility began to entertain these companies of actors, and Henry VII and Henry VIII had their own private comedians. A 'Master of the Revels' was appointed to superintend musical and dramatic entertainments at court." A little later a statute of Parliament declared that "all actors who were not attached to the service of a nobleman should be treated as rogues and vagabonds, or in other words, might be whipped out of any town in which they appeared. This decree, of course, compelled all actors to enter the service of one great man or other, and we see that the aristocracy felt bound to protect their art. A large number of the first men in the kingdom, during Elizabeth's reign, had each his company of actors. The player received from the nobleman, whose 'servant' he was, a cloak bearing the arms of the family. On the other hand, he received no salary, but was simply paid for each performance given before his patron. We must thus conceive Shakespeare as bearing on his cloak the arms of Leicester, and afterwards of the Lord Chamberlain, until about his fortieth year. From 1604 onwards, when the company was promoted by James I to be His Majesty's Servants, it was the Royal arms that he wore."[1]

**The first theatres in London.**

For many years these companies of professional actors had no regular buildings in which to give their performances. Their plays were presented before their noble patrons in the great halls of their castles, and occasionally at court for the amusement of the king or queen. As late as Shake-

[1] Georg Brandes: "William Shakespeare," page 99.

speare's boyhood they were witnessed by the common people in the yards of taverns, in the open streets, or on village greens. If the actors played in London, either in the guild-halls or out of doors, they first had to obtain a license from the Lord Mayor for each performance, and then they were obliged to surrender half of their receipts to the city treasury. These trying conditions, with the growing popularity of the drama among all classes, finally led in 1576 to the erection of the first building for acting purposes. This was called the Theatre. The following year the Curtain was erected; in 1587, the Rose; in 1594, the Swan; and in 1599, the Globe. Once begun they shot up with wonderful rapidity. When Shakespeare arrived in the city there were but three playhouses; in 1611, when he retired to Stratford, there were probably ten or twelve.

**The location of the first theatres.**

In one sense London even then did not possess a theatre, for the early playhouses were not in the city at all. They were built on a tract of open land across the Thames, at the further end of London Bridge, outside the walls and well beyond the jurisdiction of the Mayor. The capital was then a town of small dimensions, barely a mile square, with a population of nearly 200,000 crowded together in houses which were constructed largely of wood. The streets were narrow, crooked, and muddy. Adequate means of fighting fire and disease did not exist. The Corporation was therefore strongly opposed to the erection of dangerous and inflammable structures upon the few vacant spaces within the walls. Moreover, among the Puritans, who were coming to be a large and influential body, opposition to the drama was growing more marked

and open; so that the companies of actors were obliged to put up their theatres well beyond the reach of the city's laws.

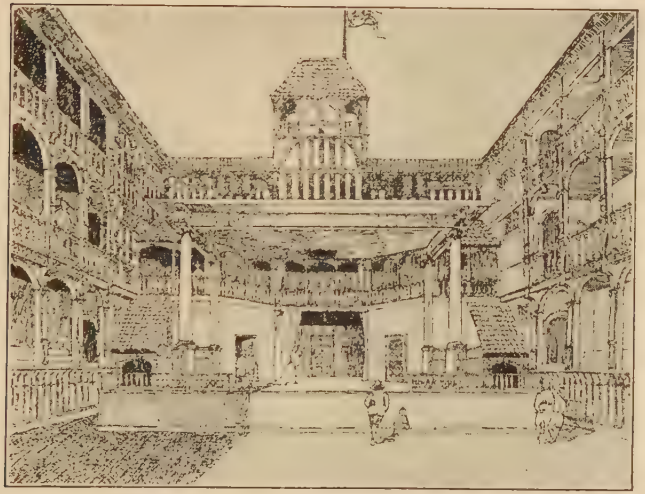
**The Globe Theatre: its external appearance.**

Let us now pay a visit to the Globe, to us the most interesting of all the theatres, for it is here that Shakespeare's company acts, and here many of his plays are first seen on the stage. We cross the Thames by London Bridge with its lines of crowded booths and shops and throngs of bustling tradesmen; or if it is fine weather we take a small boat and are rowed over the river to the southern shores. Here on the Bankside, in the part of London now called Southwark, beyond the end of the bridge, and in the open fields near the Bear Garden, stands a roundish, three-story wooden building, so high for its size that it looks more like a clumsy, squatty tower than a theatre. As we draw nearer we see that it is not exactly round after all, but is somewhat hexagonal in shape. The walls seem to slant a little inward, giving it the appearance of a huge thimble, or cocked hat, with six flattened sides instead of a circular surface. There are but few small windows and two low shabby entrances. The whole structure is so dingy and unattractive that we stand before it in wonder. Can this be the place where "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Julius Caesar" are put on the stage!

**The Globe Theatre: the interior.**

Our amazement on stepping inside is even greater. The first thing that astonishes us is the blue sky over our heads. The building has no roof except a narrow strip around the edge and a covering at the rear over the back part of the stage. The front of the stage and the whole center of the theatre is open to the air. Now we see how the in-

THE GLOBE THEATRE



INTERIOR OF AN ELIZABETHAN THEATRE

Godfrey's reconstruction of the Fortune Theatre

terior is lighted, though with the sunshine must often come rain and sleet and London fog. Looking up and out at the clouds floating by, we notice that a flag is flying from a short pole on the roof over the stage. This is most important, for it is announcing to the city across the river that this afternoon there is to be a play. It is bill-board, newspaper notice, and advertisement in one: and we may imagine the eagerness with which it is looked for among the theatre-loving populace of these later Elizabethan years. When the performance begins the flag will be lowered to proclaim to all that "the play is on."

Where, now, shall we sit? Before us on the ground level is a large open space, which corresponds to the orchestra circle on the floor of a modern playhouse. But here there is only the flat bare earth, trodden down hard, with rushes and straw scattered over it. There is not a sign of a seat! This is the "yard," or, as it is sometimes called, "the pit," where, by paying a penny or two, London apprentices, sailors, laborers, and the mixed crowd from the streets may stand jostling together. Some of the more enterprising ones may possibly sit on boxes and stools which they bring into the building with them. Among these "groundlings" there will surely be bustling confusion, noisy wrangling, and plenty of danger from pickpockets; so we look about us to find a more comfortable place from which to watch the performance.

**Seating arrangements in the theatre: the pit.**

On three sides of us, and extending well around the stage, are three tiers of narrow balconies. In some places these are divided into compartments, or boxes. The prices here are higher, varying from a few pennies to half a crown, according to

**The balconies and boxes.**

the location. By putting our money into a box held out to us, — there are no tickets, — we are allowed to climb the crooked wooden stairs to one of these compartments. Here we find rough benches and chairs, and above all a little seclusion from the throng of men and boys below. Along the edge of the stage we observe that there are stools, but these places, elevated and facing the audience, seem rather conspicuous, and besides the prices are high. They will be taken by the young gallants and men of fashion of London, in brave and brilliant clothes, with light swords at their belts, wide ruffled collars about their necks, and gay plumes in their hats. It will be amusing to see them show off their fine apparel, and display their wit at the expense of the groundlings in the pit, and even of the actors themselves. We are safer, however, and much more comfortable here in the balcony among the more sober, quiet gentlemen of London, who with mechanics, tradesmen, nobles, and shop-keepers have come to see the play.

The moment we entered the theatre we were impressed by the size of the stage. Looking down upon it from the balcony, it seems even larger and very near us. If it is like the stage of the Fortune it is square, as shown in the illustration facing page 180. Here in the Globe it is probably narrower at the front than at the back, tapering from the rear wall almost to a point. Whatever its shape, it is only a roughly-built, high platform, open on three sides, and extending halfway into the "yard." Though a low railing runs about its edge, there are no footlights, — all performances are in the afternoon by the light of day which streams down through the open top, — and strangest of all there is no curtain. At each

**The stage.**

side of the rear we can see a door that leads to the "tiring-rooms," where the actors dress, and from which they make their entrances. These are the "green-rooms" and wings of our theatre to-day. Between the doors is a curtain that now before the play begins is drawn together. Later when it is pulled aside, — not *upward* as curtains usually are now, — we shall see a shallow recess or alcove which serves as a secondary, or inner stage. Over this extends a narrow balcony covered by a roof which is supported at the front corners by two columns that stand well out from the wall. Still higher up, over the inner stage, is a sort of tower, sometimes called the "hut," and from a pole on this the flag is flying which summons the London populace from across the Thames. Rushes are strewn over the floor; there are no drops or wings or walls of painted scenery. In its simplicity and bareness it reminds us of the rude stage of the strolling players. Indeed, the whole interior of the building seems to be but an adaptation of the tavern-yard and village-green.

How, we wonder, can a play like "Julius Caesar" or "The Merchant of Venice" be staged on such a crude affair as this! What are the various parts of it for? Practically all acting is done, we shall see, on the front of the platform well out among the crowd in the pit, with the audience on three sides of the performers. All out-of-door scenes will be acted here, from a conversation in the streets of Venice or a dialogue in a garden, to a battle, a procession, or a banquet in the Forest of Arden. Here, too, with but the slightest alteration, or even with no change at all, interior scenes will be presented. With the "groundlings" crowded close up to its edges, and with young gallants

**Use of the main stage.**

sitting on its sides, this outer stage comes close to the people. On it will be all the main action of the drama: the various arrangements at the rear are for supplementary purposes and certain important effects.

**Uses of the inner stage.**

The inner stage, or alcove beyond the curtain, is used in many ways. It may serve for any room somewhat removed from the scene of action, such as a passage-way or a study. It often is made to represent a cave, a shop, or a prison. Here Othello, in a frenzy of jealous passion, strangles Desdemona as she lies in bed; here probably the ghost of Caesar appears to Brutus in his tent on the plains of Philippi; here stand the three fateful caskets in the mansion at Belmont, as we see by Portia's words,

> "Go, *draw aside the curtains*, and discover
> The several caskets to this noble Prince."

Tableaux and scenes within scenes, such as the short play in "Hamlet" by which the prince "catches the conscience of the king," are acted in this recess. But the most important use is to give the effect of a change of scene. By drawing apart and closing the curtain, with a few simple changes of properties in this inner compartment, a different background is possible. By such a slight variation of setting at the rear, the platform in the pit is transformed, by the quick imagination of the spectators, from a field or a street to a castle hall or a wood. Thus, the whole stage becomes the Forest of Arden by the use of a little greenery in the distance. Similarly, a few trees and shrubs at the rear of the inner stage, when the curtain is thrown aside, will change the setting from the court-room in the fourth act of "The Merchant of Venice," to the

scene in the garden at Belmont which immediately follows.

The balcony over the inner stage serves an important purpose, too. With the windows, which are often just over the doors leading to the tiring-rooms, it gives the effect of an upper story in a house, of walls in a castle, a tower, or any elevated position. This is the place, of course, where Juliet comes to greet Romeo who is in the garden below. In "Julius Caesar" when Cassius says,

**Uses of the balcony over the stage.**

"Go Pindarus, *get higher on that hill;*

* * * * * *

And tell me what thou notest about the field,"

the soldier undoubtedly climbs to the balcony, for a moment later, looking abroad over the field of battle, he reports to Cassius what he sees from his elevation. Here Jessica appears when Lorenzo calls under Shylock's windows, "Ho! who's within?" and on this balcony she is standing when she throws down to her lover a box of her father's jewels. "Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains," she says, and retires into the house, appearing below a moment later to run away with Lorenzo and his masquerading companions.

Besides these simple devices, if we look closely enough we shall see a trap-door, or perhaps two, in the platform. These are for the entrance of apparitions and demons. They correspond, in a way, to the balcony by giving the effect of a place lower than the stage level. Thus in the first scene of "The Tempest," which takes place in a storm at sea, the notion of a ship may be suggested to the audience by sailors

**Other stage devices.**

entering from the trap-door, as they might come up a hatchway to a deck. If it is a play with gods and goddesses and spirits, we may be startled to see them appear and disappear through the air. Evidently there is machinery of some sort in the hut over the balcony which can be used for lowering and raising deities and creatures that live above the earth. On each side of the stage is a flight of steps leading to the balcony. These are often covered, as plainly shown by Mr. Godfrey's reconstruction of the Fortune Theatre facing page 180. Here sit councils, senates, and princes with their courts. Macbeth uses them to give the impression of ascending to an upper chamber when he goes to kill the king, and down them he rushes to his wife after he has committed the fearful murder.

**Scenery on the stage.**

What astonishes us most, however, is the absence of scenery. To be sure, some slight attempt has been made to create scenic illusion. There are, perhaps, a few trees and boulders, a table, a chair or two, and pasteboard dishes of food. But there is little more. In the only drawing of the interior of an Elizabethan theatre that has been preserved, — a sketch of the Swan made in 1596. — the stage has absolutely no furniture except one plain bench on which one of the actors is sitting. Here before us in the Globe the walls may be covered with loose tapestries, black if the play is to be a tragedy, blue if a comedy; but it is quite possible that they are entirely bare. A placard on one of the pillars announces that the stage is now a street in Venice, now a courtroom, now the hall of a stately mansion. It may be that the Prologue, or even the actors themselves, will tell us at the opening of an act just where the scene is laid and what we are to imagine the platform to represent.

In "Henry V," for instance, the Prologue at the beginning not only explains the setting of the play, but asks forgiveness of the audience for attempting to put on the stage armies and battles and the "vasty fields of France."

"But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraiséd spirit that hath dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within *this wooden O* the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth,
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass."

In "As You Like It" it is an actor who tells us at the opening of the second act that we are now to imagine the Forest of Arden before us. In the first sentence which

the banished Duke speaks, he says, "Are not *these woods* more free from peril than the envious court?" and a moment later, when Touchstone and the runaway maidens first enter the woods, Rosalind exclaims, "Well, this is the Forest of Arden!" A hint, a reference, a few simple contrivances, a placard or two, — these are enough. "Imaginary forces" are here in the audience keenly alive, and they will do the rest. By means of them, without the illusion of scenery, the bare wooden stage will become a ship, a garden, a palace, a London tavern. Whole armies will enter and retire by a single door. Battles will rage, royal processions pass in and out, graves will be dug, lovers will woo, — and all with hardly an important alteration of the setting. Lack of scenery does not limit the type of scenes that can be presented. On the contrary, it gives almost unlimited opportunities to the dramatist, for the spectators, in the force and freshness of their imagination, are children who willingly "play" that the stage is anything the author suggests. Their youthful enthusiasm, their simple tastes, above all their lack of knowledge of anything different, give them the enviable power of imagining the grandest, most beautiful, and most varied scenes on the same bare, unadorned boards. Apparently they are well satisfied with their stage; for it is not until nearly fifty years after Shakespeare's death that movable scenery is used in an English theatre.

**The performance of a play.**

It is now three o'clock and time for the performance to begin. Among the motley crowd of men and boys in the yard there is no longer room for another box or stool. They are evidently growing impatient and jostle together in noisy confusion. Suddenly three long blasts on a trumpet sound. The

mutterings in the pit subside, and all eyes turn toward the stage. First an actor, clothed in a black mantle and wearing a laurel wreath on his head, comes from behind the curtain and recites the prologue. From it we learn something of the story of the play to follow, and possibly a little about the scene of action. This is all very welcome, for we have no programs and the plot of the drama is unfamiliar. In a minute or two the Prologue retires and the actors of the first scene enter. We are soon impressed by the rapidity with which the play moves on. There is little stage "business"; though there may be some music between the acts, still there are no long waits; one scene follows another as quickly as the actors can make their exits and entrances. The whole play, therefore, does not last much over two hours. At the close there is an epilogue, spoken by one of the actors, after which the players kneel and join in a prayer for the queen. Then comes a final bit of amusement for the groundlings: the clown, or some other comic character of the company, sings a popular song, dances a brisk and boisterous jig, and the performance of the day is done.

**Costumes of the actors.**

During our novel experience this afternoon at the Globe, nothing has probably surprised us more than the elaborate and gorgeous costumes of the actors. At a time when so little attention is paid to scenery we naturally expect to find the dress of the players equally simple and plain. But we are mistaken. The costumes, to be sure, make little or no pretension to fit the period or place of action. Caesar appears in clothes such as are worn by a duke or an earl in 1601. "They are the ordinary dresses of various classes of the day, but they are often of rich material, and

in the height of current fashion. False hair and beards, crowns and sceptres, mitres and croziers, armour, helmets, shields, vizors, and weapons of war, hoods, bands, and cassocks, are relied on to indicate among the characters differences of rank or profession. The foreign observer, Thomas Platter of Basle, was impressed by the splendor of the actors' costumes. 'The players wear the most costly and beautiful dresses, for it is the custom in England, that when noblemen or knights die, they leave their finest clothes to their servants, who, since it would not be fitting for them to wear such splendid garments, sell them soon afterwards to the players for a small sum.'"[1] But no money is spared to secure the fitting garment for an important part. Indeed, it is quite probable that more is paid for a king's velvet robe or a prince's silken doublet than is given to the author for the play itself. Whether the elaborate costumes are appropriate or not, their general effect is pleasing, for they give variety and brilliant color to the bare and unattractive stage.

**Female parts taken by boys.**

If we are happily surprised by the costuming of the play, what shall we say of the actors who take the female parts! They are very evidently not women, or even girls, but boys whose voices have not changed, dressed, tricked out, and trained to appear as feminine as possible. It is considered unseemly for a woman to appear on a public stage, — indeed, the professional actress does not exist and will not be seen in an English theatre for nearly a century. Meanwhile plays are written with few female parts (remember "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," and "Macbeth") and young boys are trained to take these

[1] Sidney Lee: "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage," page 41.

rôles. The theatregoers seem to enjoy the performance just as much as we do to-day with mature and accomplished actresses on the stage. Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists treated the situation with good grace or indifference. Thus in the epilogue of "As You Like It" Rosalind says to the audience, "*If I were a woman* I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me." The jest, of course, consists in the fact that she is *not* a woman at all, but a stripling. In a more tragic vein Cleopatra, before she dies, complains that "the quick comedians . . . will stage us, . . . and I shall see some *squeaking Cleopatra boy my* greatness." It may be that the boys who take the women's parts this afternoon wear masks to make them seem less masculine, though how that can improve the situation it is difficult to understand. There is an amusing reference to this practice in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." When Flute, the bellows-mender, is assigned a part in the drama which the mechanics of Athens are rehearsing, he exclaims, "Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming"; to which protest Quince replies, "That's all one: you shall play it *in a mask*, and you may speak as small as you will."

**The audience at the Globe.**

Though rapid action, brilliant costumes, and, above all, the force and beauty of the lines, may lead us to forget that the heroine is only a boy, it is more difficult to keep our attention from being distracted by the audience around us. It surprises us that there are so few women present. We notice, too, that many of those who have come wear a mask of silk or velvet over their faces. Evidently it is hardly the proper thing for a respectable woman to be seen in a public theatre. The people in the balconies are

fairly orderly, but below in the pit the crowd is restless, noisy, and at times even boisterous. Bricklayers, dock-laborers, apprentices, serving-men, and idlers stand in jostling confusion. There are no police and no laws that are enforced. Pickpockets ply an active trade. One, we see, has been caught and is bound to the railing at the edge of the stage where he is an object of coarse jests and ridicule. Refreshment-sellers push about in the throng with apples and sausages, nuts and ale. There is much eating and drinking and plenty of smoking. On the stage the gallants are a constant source of bother to the players. They interrupt the Prologue, criticise the dress of the hero, banter the heroine, and joke with the clown. Even here in the gallery we can hear their comments — far from flattering — upon a scene that does not please them; when a little later they applaud, their praises are just as vigorous. Once it seems as though the play is going to be brought to a standstill by a wrangling quarrel between one of these rakish gentlemen and a group of groundlings near the stage. Their attention, however, is taken by the entrance of the leading actor declaiming a stirring passage, and their differences are soon forgotten. It is, on the whole, a good-natured rough crowd of the common people, the lower and middle classes from the great city across the river, — more like the crowd one sees to-day at a circus or a professional ball-game than at a theatre of the highest type. They loudly cheer the clown's final song and dance, and then with laughter, shouting, and jesting they pour out of the yard and in a moment the building is empty. The play is over until to-morrow afternoon.

What a contrast it all has been to a play in a theatre of

the twentieth century! When we think of the uncomfortable benches, the flat bare earth of the pit, the lack of scenery, footlights, and drop curtains; when we hear the shrill voices of boys piping the women's parts, and see mist and rain falling on spectator's heads, we are inclined to pity the playgoer of Elizabethan times. Yet he needs no pity. To him the theatre of his day was sufficient. The drama enacted there was a source of intense and genuine pleasure. His keen enthusiasm; his fresh, youthful eagerness; above all, his highly imaginative power, — far greater than ours to-day, — gave him an ability to understand and enjoy the poetry and dramatic force of Shakespeare's works, which we, with all the improvements of our palatial theatres, cannot equal. Crude, simple, coarse as they now seem to us, we can look back only with admiration upon the Swan and the Curtain and the Globe; for in them "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," and "Macbeth" were received with acclamations of joy and wonder. In them the genius of Shakespeare was recognized and given a place in the drama of England which now, after three centuries have passed, it holds in the theatres and in the literature of all the world.

**Conclusions to be drawn.**

## BOOKS OF INTEREST TO STUDENTS OF SHAKESPEARE

[A bibliography of works on Shakespeare would make a volume of considerable size. Here are a few of the most useful books for students and teachers.]

*William Shakespeare: A Critical Study.*
GEORGE BRANDES. The Macmillan Co.

*A Life of William Shakespeare.*
SIDNEY LEE. The Macmillan Co.

*The Facts about Shakespeare.*
NEILSON AND THORNDIKE. The Macmillan Co.

*William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.*
H. W. MABIE. The Macmillan Co.

*Shakespeare and the Modern Stage.*
SIDNEY LEE. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Introduction to Shakespeare.*
EDWARD DOWDEN. Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Shakespeare.*
WALTER RALEIGH. The Macmillan Co.

*William Shakespeare.*
JOHN MASEFIELD. Henry Holt & Co.

*Shakespeare: The Boy.*
W. J. ROLFE. Harper Bros.

*Handbook to the Works of Shakespeare.*
MORTON LUCE. George Bell & Sons.

*Shakespeare: his Life, Art, and Characters.*
Rev. H. N. Hudson. Ginn & Co.

*Shakespeare's England.*
William Winter. Moffat, Yard & Co.

*Shakespeare Manual.*
F. G. Fleay. The Macmillan Co.

An interesting story of Shakespeare's times is *Master Skylark*, by John Bennett, published by The Century Company.

Scott's *Kenilworth* is a story of London and Warwickshire in 1575, and *The Fortunes of Nigel* gives a good picture of London in 1604, the year of "Othello."

# EXPLANATORY NOTES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ = *persons of the drama; the cast.*

The cast is printed according to rank and social position, with the women, also in order of rank, after the male characters. How does this compare with the arrangement of a program of a modern play?

Shakespeare at once gives a hint of the French setting by using a few French names in the cast. *Jaques* is a name found in England where it was pronounced as a monosyllable, *Jakes*, but the meter shows us that here it should be pronounced in two syllables, *Jā̆ques*. The only other difficult names are Le Beau (Lĕr Bō), Rŏsalind, and Audrey (áwedrey).

## ACT I

### Scene 1

In an orchard, charming setting, Orlando, in his outburst to the sympathetic Adam, tells us of the circumstances which have led up to just this crisis in his affairs. Lodge pictures the death-bed scene of the father, but the playwright must use more economy than the novelist. From Charles we learn of Rosalind, the banishment and usurpation, so that we have the setting of the play clearly before us, and enough of the action to arouse our interest.

LINE **1. upon this fashion**: in this manner. **Adam**: Shakespeare is said to have played this part.

**2. poor a thousand crowns**: the adjective "poor" has no more influence on the order of the phrase than an adverb, such as "only," would have. The "a" here is really a numeral, meaning "one," so that the phrase, "a thousand," is a compound numeral. **crown**: an English coin of silver, so called

because of the crown stamped upon it. Its value in American money is about $1.21.

**3. on his blessing**: on pain of losing his blessing.

**4. to breed**: to bring up, to educate; as in our words, "well-bred," "good breeding."

**5. My brother Jaques**: Note that there are two characters of this name. This is the second son of Sir Rowland, who has been sent away to the University. **goldenly**: in praise of. Cf. "golden opinions."

**6. rustically**: like a person in the country; without education or training. Remember that we use rustic in that sense.

**7. stays**: keeps. Note "stay him" in line 124 of this scene.

**9. stalling**: the way an ox is kept in his stall. Notice the consistent way in which Orlando uses the language of the care of animals during this passage. Has he any reason for doing this?

**11. taught their manage**: trained.

**14. Besides . . . from me**: Note the contrast between "nothing" and "something." Orlando is now at the height of his scorn. **countenance**: behavior. Paraphrase this sentence.

**17. hinds**: lowest servants.

**18. mines . . . education**: undermines my real nature by my lack of training.

**26. shake me up**: perhaps this is slang like the modern phrase "call me down."

**Enter Oliver.** Notice the preparation for this in Adam's speech, line 24. In Shakespeare no one enters or exits without a reason. Do you see any difference in the modern farces?

**27. make**: do. Follow the word through the next six lines and observe the play of words upon it, as in "mar" and "marry."

**29. mar**: spoil.

**30. marry**: as an expletive from the name of the Virgin Mary. It means "indeed" and expresses surprise.

**32. naught**: be as nothing; therefore, take yourself off. A common oath of the time which might be compared to "be hanged to you."

**34. Shall I . . . penury?** How far does Orlando carry the story of the Prodigal Son? Look it up in Luke xv. How common is this story in literature?

**36. penury**: poverty.

**39.** As Oliver grows angry and more insolent, Orlando becomes cooler.

**40. him**: " him " is often found for " he." Here it may take its case from whom, which is understood.

**41. in . . . blood**: gentle is in this sense used of good birth; therefore " as well born brothers should."

**42. The courtesy of nations**: as universal custom demands.

**46. albeit**: old form for " although."

**47. nearer to his reverence**: you are the elder and therefore entitled to the respect due him.

**48. what, boy!** Orlando has been speaking with unwonted boldness; Oliver is very angry, and accompanies his words *what, boy* with a threatening gesture. Doubtless he shakes his fist in Orlando's face. But Orlando shows fight, advances upon his enemy, and collars him. When Orlando in his next speech says, *you are too young in this*, the word *this* refers to the overtures of violence with which Oliver accompanied his words, *what, boy.*

**49. Come . . . this**: Oliver has, of course, been accustomed to call Orlando " boy." But the latter has been growing up to manhood, has become conscious of his strength, and now asserts himself both in word and deed. In what tone, therefore, does he address Oliver as *elder brother?*

**58. for . . . remembrance**: for your father's sake.

**67. allottery**: share. Occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare.

**68. testament**: by his will.

**71. get you in**: leave me.

**80.** Picture Oliver as he is left alone after this revolt of his younger brother. Is there a pause here? He is in a rage and naturally thinks of revenge. How does Lodge differ in the whole scene between the brothers? **grow upon me**: get control of me.

**81. physic your rankness**: stop the growth of your insolence. Note that rankness continues the metaphor of growth. **no**

. . . **neither**. In early English two negatives strengthened the negative idea.

**82. Holla**: Come here.

**86. importunes access**: begs earnestly to see you.

**91. Monsieur**: the French title of respect. Pronounced Mō-sē-er.

**108. the forest of Arden**: The Forest of Ardennes is in the northeastern part of France between the Meuse and the Moselle. There is also a Forest of Arden in Warwickshire. As the scene of Lodge's novel is laid in France, Shakespeare probably took this setting, although, as his mother's name was Arden, the name may very well have been dear to him. In all probability he troubled himself very little as to actual location, but took the forest, palm-trees, lions, and all, directly from Lodge for his people to "fleet the time carelessly."

**110. old Robin Hood of England**: A beautiful simile this. Who was *Robin Hood?*

**111. fleet the time**: make time pass.

**112. golden world**: The Golden Age; that is the state of innocence found in Paradise.

**117. hath a disposition**: has made up his mind.

**118. try a fall**: language of wrestling.

**122. loath . . . him**: I should hesitate to defeat him.

**124. withal**: with the whole matter. **stay him . . . disgrace**: keep him from his purpose or endure his disgrace. Charles does not seem to be lacking in frankness.

**129. requite**: reward.

**130. by underhand means**: by indirect means, since Orlando is obstinate.

**132. it is**: Note the scorn in the use of the pronoun "it."

**133. emulator**: envious rival; used here in a bad sense.

**135. natural**: by birth.

**137. to 't**: Shakespeare uses the contraction constantly. Note "ta'en" farther on in this speech. How much do we use contractions and when?

**138. disgrace . . . grace**: Note play upon words. **grace himself on thee**: honor himself at your expense.

**144. anatomize**: literally *to dissect;* here *lay bare completely.*

**147.** Is Charles completely deceived?

**148. go alone**: work without help.

**152. gamester**: one who is ready for a game; therefore, a lively fellow.

**155. noble device**: lofty ideals.

**158. misprised**: undervalued.

**160. kindle**: incite. Cf. "aflame." **thither**: thereto. Why is this so beautiful a passage?

### QUESTIONS

**1.** Picture the scene.

**2.** What have Orlando and Adam been talking about before they enter?

**3.** What is Shakespeare's purpose in this opening speech?

**4.** How old are Orlando and Adam?

**5.** Which does Orlando feel the need of more, money or education?

**6.** Where does the action become very lively? Explain just how it came about.

**7.** How long a time has it taken Orlando to reach this point of revolt?

**8.** Adam makes three speeches in this scene. What do you know about him when he goes out?

**9.** How are the main characters introduced to us?

**10.** What do you learn from the conversation between Oliver and Charles as to the conditions at the court?

**11.** Is there anything to be said in Oliver's favor?

**12.** How much of the plot has this scene revealed?

**13.** What passages have you especially liked?

## ACT I

### Scene 2

The scene shifts to the Duke's palace, still out-of-doors, and we welcome the heroine with her cousin. As is fitting the Duke's daughter, Celia, takes the lead and comforts Rosalind, who is

not so happy as she naturally is. Touchstone arrives to enliven a scene which has become somewhat merry, and the wrestling match presents plenty of action. The scene closes with the seed of love already sown.

LINE **1. Rosalind**: the name is taken directly from Lodge. **coz**: an abbreviation for cousin.

**5. learn**: here used as "teach" as always in Shakespeare when the object is expressed.

**8. so**: provided that.

**11. so . . . tempered**: so properly composed, as in "to temper steel."

**13. condition of my estate**: my position in life. We first see Rosalind depressed because of conditions surrounding her as we do Portia in "Merchant of Venice." Note how quickly each is diverted to her natural mood of gayety.

**18. perforce**: by force. **render**: return to. Celia here is the leader, but she soon becomes the follower.

**22. sports**: the frivolous tone of this word is punished before the scene is over, when Rosalind really falls in love.

**24. prithee**: pray thee. **withal**: here the preposition *with* and very emphatic. Double negatives abound in this passage which shows how emphatic Celia means to be.

**29. good . . . wheel**: Look up the pronunciation of housewife. Fortune's wheel symbolizes her inconstant varied nature.

**36. honest**: virtuous.

**40. lineaments**: features. The two girls are accustomed to this exchange of comment on life as they have seen it. As the fool approaches across the green, they carry on the argument lightly, showing their own wit as they comment on that of others.

**Enter Touchstone**. This was Shakespeare's first attempt at a real jester. How would he be dressed? What is his manner? Watch him as the play develops.

**46. natural**: idiot. How does Celia play upon this word?

**51. whetstone**: sharpener.

**52. How now . . . you?** An allusion to an old saying or song, "Wit, whither wilt?"

**56. by mine honor**: quite evidently an oath of the time.

**61. naught**: here bad. This scene is a lively one with much amusing action. Try to describe it vividly.

**79. taxation**: satire. Why does Celia suddenly change her humor?

**82. By my troth**: a very common oath with many variations. Troth really means truth. Note our common saying, "to tell the truth."

**83. silenced**: This may refer to some restrictions of the time placed upon players.

**Enter Le Beau.** The name and Celia's greeting remind us that the scene is set in France. Poor Le Beau is the stiffest and most ceremonious of courtiers. His very dignity seems to encourage anything but dignity in the other three people.

**92. Bon jour**: good day.

**95. color**: kind. Later in Act III we find it used again, "cattle of this color."

**99. Destinies**: Fates. This and the preceding speech might well be sung.

**100. laid on with a trowel**: clumsily said.

**101.** Remember that Rosalind's vulgarity was very common at the time.

**117. bills**: the *bill*, whether weapon of warfare or utensil of wood-craft, was carried "on the neck." This was the standard expression, as we say "on the shoulder." To get a notion of *bills on their necks* in the other sense, perhaps you had better imagine men as you may have seen them, bearing on their necks advertising placards.

**134. broken music**: part music arranged for different instruments. It is rather hard for us to appreciate Rosalind's wit here. **dotes**: delights in. Rosalind and Celia do not enjoy the reported contest. Let us watch them through the one given to us on the stage.

**Enter Duke Frederick.** We look at the usurper with some interest as he takes his place to view the contest. Already we have learned some things not to his credit and we desire some proof. The scene is full of animation and color, as well as action and interest.

**147. How now**: What now. **cousin**: used for niece here as often in Shakespeare.

**149.** Rosalind seems willing to stay. Why?

**152. fain**: be glad to.

**167–168.** Celia says many more words than she needs to. Try to put it more briefly.

**173. our suit**: our petition.

**174. might**: may.

**179. foiled**: defeated. This little scene between Orlando and the two girls is Shakespeare's own and serves to arouse our sympathy. Never does Orlando appear more manly than here when he seems so absolutely without appreciation of himself. What opportunity for the actor do you see here?

**187. eke**: help out hers.

**191.** Charles's call comes as a very rude interruption to a charming scene.

**199. an**: probably *and*.

**200. come your ways**: come on.

**201. Hercules**: Why does Rosalind call upon this hero? **speed**: protector.

**202.** Note Celia's idea of good sport.

**209. well breathed**: well started.

**210.** The wrestler was killed in Lodge. Why does Shakespeare change?

**218. still**: always.

**224–226.** Orlando is now meditating as he stands a little apart from the girls, who are talking of the attitude of Duke Frederick.

**225. calling**: name.

**234. sticks me at heart**: stabs me to the heart.

**238. out of suits**: out of favor. As Rosalind gives the chain, she waits for some word of thanks, but with the words, "shall we go, coz?" she turns shyly away, somewhat abashed.

**241.** Poor Orlando is tongue-tied.

**243. quintain**: a wooden image. A quintain was a post with revolving arms, sometimes made to look like a Turk. The object of the tilter was to hit one arm without being struck by the other.

**245**. Picture the glances and actions of the two, who are good examples of characters falling in love at first sight, of whom Shakespeare has many.

**248**. **Have with you**: Come on.

**252**. **or — or**: either — or.

**Re-enter Le Beau**. Here Shakespeare differs again from the novel in which the king embraced Rosader when he knew him to be the youngest son of Sir John. The playwright thus prepares us for the exile of Orlando as well as of Rosalind, and later that of Oliver. Le Beau is still the essence of courtly formality, but do we find him a bit more human at the end of this scene?

**257**. **miscónstrues**: misunderstands. Pronounced properly and at the same time suited to this rhythm.

**258**. **humorous**: full of moods, even dangerous.

**261**. Orlando finds out what he wants to know without betraying himself.

**264**. **lesser**: smaller. This is a hint for the observant reader. The whole speech prepares us for what is to follow.

**276**. **in a better world**: in a better state of affairs.

**279**. **from . . . smother**: from the frying pan into the fire.

## QUESTIONS

1. This is a charming scene. Describe the setting.
2. From the opening conversation what do you learn of conditions at court?
3. Describe the two girls. Which of the two is leader here?
4. What does Touchstone add to the scene? Why introduced?
5. Why do the girls make fun of Le Beau? Do you respect him at any time in the scene?
6. Describe in detail the wrestling-match, not forgetting the positions of the different persons on the stage.
7. What foreshadowing is found here?
8. What do we want to know at the end of the scene?
9. What characteristics of Rosalind, Celia, and Orlando have been brought out?

## ACT I

### Scene 3

Rosalind, already in love, must endure the lively teasing of Celia. Duke Frederick, with a frowning face, spoils this charming dialogue and pronounces banishment upon his niece. The sentence does not weigh very heavily, however, for the two girls excitedly plan their escape to enchanted Arden — and "content."

LINE **1. Cupid**: Why the god of love just here?

**5. lame me**: Celia does like puns.

**6. reasons**: talk.

**13. burs**: Note that Celia's quick wit carries the briers over to burs.

**18. Hem . . . away**: suggests that the burs are in her throat.

**19.** Now Rosalind takes her turn at a play upon words in *hem* and *him*.

**21. wrestle**: Celia is a tease as well as a wit.

**31. By . . . chase**: By this reasoning.

**32. dearly**: here deeply.

**38.** Celia recognizes the outward signs of wrath, for she has seen them often enough.

**51. purgation**: a legal term meaning a clearing of one's self from guilt.

**55. likelihood**: likeness.

**64. Dear sovereign**: Note the formal address.

**66. ranged**: gone.

**68. remorse**: pity.

**70–74.** A picture of loyal friendship which is to continue to the end of the play.

**72. eat.** Look the word up in the dictionary especially as to its use and pronunciation here.

**73. Juno's swans**: Shakespeare probably means "Venus's swans" as Juno's chariot was drawn by peacocks.

**81. irrevocable**: not to be recalled. Be sure of the pronunciation.

**83.** What is Celia's action here?

**110. umber**: a brown earth used by artists both in its raw state and burned. It is a reddish color.

**115. curtle-axe**: short sword. Action here.

**118. swashing**: swaggering.

**120. outface**: face it out. **semblances**: outside appearances.

**123. Gănymēde**: a beautiful boy whom Jupiter loved and carried off to be his page. Look up the story.

**126. Aliena**: from the Latin meaning stranger.

**127. assayed**: tried.

**135.** The closing scene of a somewhat tumultuous act ends on the word *content*, which argues a happier time about to come. Orlando utters it as he leaves his brother's house and the exiled Duke has already found it in Arden.

### QUESTIONS

**1.** In the sparkling wit of this chatter there lies a deeper meaning. What is it?

**2.** What is the real reason for the banishment of Rosalind?

**3.** Is this the first time that Celia has had reason to be ashamed of her father? Has she been loyal to him?

**4.** What new traits are developed in Rosalind?

**5.** How does the Duke really feel towards Celia?

**6.** Discuss his character.

**7.** What great changes have entered Rosalind's life since morning?

**8.** It does not take long for Rosalind and Celia to recover from the shock of the sentence of banishment. How do you account for their gayety?

**9.** Which is the leader now?

**10.** There are many lines in the scene worth remembering. Select at least five.

**11.** Show how far Act I has taken the play.

## ACT II

### Scene 1

The Forest of Arden lies before us, "a golden world" in which we find the father of Rosalind and his faithful followers, "fleeting the time carelessly." His philosophy of life is worth studying and perhaps following.

LINE **2. old custom**: long continued habit. The Duke implies here the length of his exile and his content.

**3. painted pomp**: Note the alliteration here and elsewhere in the scene.

**5. penalty of Adam**: The poet goes on to describe what he regards as the penalty. In Genesis we find, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Which do you prefer?

**6. as**: as for example.

**8. which**: in regard to which.

**12–18.** A very celebrated and beautiful passage. Explain it.

**13. which . . . head**: This superstition about the toad-stone was very common in Shakespeare's time. The toad was supposed to have in its head a jelly-like substance which would cure one who had been poisoned. The *ugly and venomous toad*, however, if it could, sucked up the stone before its death, thus depriving mankind of its benefits. What is the precious jewel of adversity?

**15. exempt . . . haunt**: free from the public eye.

**16.** What figure of speech here?

**19. translate**: Why is this a peculiarly beautiful word here?

**21. us**: for ourselves.

**22. irks me**: irritates me. **dappled fools**: This is only one of the many ways in which the deer are to be described in the play.

**23. burghers**: citizens.

**24. forked heads**: It is delightful to find the *forked* heads so perfectly described as in the following quotation from Roger Ascham: "Two maner of arrowe heades sayeth Pollux, was used in olde tyme, — the one hauying two poyntes or barbes

lookyng backewarde to the stele and the fethers which surely we call in Englishe a brode arrow head, or a swalowe tayle, — the other hauing two poyntes stretchying forwarde and this Englysh men do call a forke-head."

**26. Jaques**: pronounced in two syllables with a long *a* and *e*. We here are introduced to one of the most interesting characters of the play. He is Shakespeare's own creation. Contrast his attitude towards life with that of the Duke.

**27. in that kind**: in that way.

**29. Amiens**: Give this the English pronunciation.

**31–43**. How does Shakespeare make a clear picture in this passage? Note use of descriptive words.

**33. sequestered**: separated from his companions.

**41. marked**: observed. What do you learn of Shakespeare's attitude towards animals?

**44. moralize**: extract a lesson.

**46. needless**: not needing. What meaning has it to-day?

**49. being alone**: as to his being alone.

**50. velvet**: another picture word.

**52. flux**: flow.

**53. full . . . pasture**: having eaten.

**58. invectively**: bitterly.

**59. body**: whole system.

**62. up**: used to intensify the verb.

**67. cope**: encounter. Why does the Duke so much enjoy Jaques?

### QUESTIONS

**1.** In the theater of Shakespeare's time stage setting was often merely suggested. The playwright aroused the imagination of his audience by suggestive words spoken by the actors. For instance the Duke says, "in these woods." Find other examples and describe the scene.

**2.** Contrast Duke Senior and Duke Frederick.

**3.** How are the Lords dressed?

**4.** What do you learn of the Duke's attitude towards his changed life? Has he any regrets?

**5.** How is he regarded by his attendants?

**6.** Why does Shakespeare frequently introduce a character through the words of another as in the case of Jaques in this scene? What opinion of Jaques have you already formed?

**7.** What passages are the best and will be remembered?

**8.** What is the value of the scene?

## ACT II

### Scene 2

Again we have a brief glimpse of the usurping Duke, which tells us that the girls and Touchstone have carried out their plans.

LINE **3. are . . . this**: have assisted them to escape.

**7. untreasured**: a beautiful metaphor.

**8. roynish**: base. Why should the clown be spoken of so contemptuously at this time?

**10. Hisperia . . . company**: Is it surprising that Hisperia should come to this conclusion? Picture the change of expression on the Duke's face as the speech proceeds.

**17. gallant**: Orlando.

**19. suddenly**: immediately. It is not strange that the Duke seizes the opportunity for revenge when we remember his feeling for old Sir Rowland.

**20. quail**: cease.

#### QUESTIONS

**1.** How long have we been expecting this scene?

**2.** Why does the scene immediately follow the preceding?

**3.** What trait in Duke Frederick is particularly emphasized?

## ACT II

### Scene 3

Adam's unselfish loyalty to his young master has been anticipated in the first scene of the play. The two leave Oliver's house with few regrets and look forward to a life of peace.

LINE **4. memory**: memorial. **make**: Cf. I, 1, 27. Adam is ever faithful to the memory of his old master.

**7. fond**: foolish.

**8. bonny priser**: big champion or wrestler. Note the haste and excitement suggested by these questions.

**11. graces**: virtues. *Them* is, of course, not needed.

**12. No . . . yours**: yours are of this sort.

**15. envenoms**: makes an object of hatred.

**16.** Orlando is naturally bewildered.

**23. use**: are accustomed to.

**26.** Did Adam listen or overhear accidentally? **practices**: plans.

**27. place**: no place to live. **butchery**: a slaughter-house. Keep in mind the expression on Orlando's face and his action as well as that of Adam

**31–34**: What is suggested as the only means of livelihood left to Orlando? Note his excitement. How is it shown?

**37. diverted**: unnatural here.

**39. thrifty hire**: wages saved by thrift.

**42.** What picture do you get here?

**43–45**: Cf. Luke XII. 6 and 24. What does this prove about Shakespeare and his knowledge of the Bible?

**45. Here . . . gold**: What action?

**47–55**: An unusual attitude of preaching on Shakespeare's part, but it comes well through Adam.

**56–62**: Orlando has good reason to be critical of the period in which he lives. It is interesting to note, however, that each generation feels practically the same way.

**58. meed**: reward.

**65. in lieu of**: in return for. **husbandry**: thrift.

**68. settled low content**: A fine example of Shakespeare's ability to put much into a few words. He intends to find humble employment and settle down in content. Again we find this word which seems to be characteristic of Arden.

**72. Here**: Adam gives a last glance around. Is he sorry to go?

### QUESTIONS

**1.** A remarkable scene. What opportunities do both actors have? Which part would you prefer to take? Defend your choice.

**2.** What method of revealing character is here used by Shakespeare?

**3.** "*Who's there?*" The first words in the scene indicate what state of mind in Orlando and what conditions here at home?

**4.** What do you learn of both men?

**5.** Find the many fine figures of speech in this scene and comment upon them.

**6.** What lines are worth your learning?

**7.** To whom does the scene belong?

## ACT II

### Scene 4

The arrival of the girls and Touchstone and the finding of other lovers in this forest entertain us. Rosalind now takes command, as is fitting for "doublet and hose."

LINE **1. O Jupiter**: Evidently an oath is a necessary accompaniment to doublet and hose. Of course Rosalind is really in a weary mood, but she must comfort Celia, who is exhausted.

**2.** Any pathos in this scene is abruptly discouraged by Touchstone.

**4.** Rosalind makes her complaint as an aside. What are Celia and Touchstone doing?

**6. doublet and hose**: coat and breeches, but the coat fitted the body closely and the skirts of it came below the waistline. It was called *doublet* because it was made of double material with padding between. *Hose* now means stocking, but then included stockings and breeches.

**7.** What action accompanies Rosalind's words of encouragement?

**11. cross**: English coins often had a cross upon them which

gives Touchstone his opportunity. The saying "cross the palm" comes from this custom. How about the casket of jewels?

**29. fantasy**: love.

**43. hard adventure**: unfortunately.

**44.** Again Touchstone breaks in at the right moment to relieve the scene. Note the personifying of *stone* and *peascod*, which shows the vividness of his imagination.

**47. batlet**: a wooden bat for beating the clothes while they were being washed. **chopt**: chopped.

**48. peascod**: A pea-pod with nine peas was always put on the shelf by a kitchen-maid, as she believed that the first man who entered would be her lover. An old proverb read: "Wintertime for shoeing, peascod time for wooing."

**49. cods**: peas.

**50. weeping tears**: Certainly emphatic.

**52. capers**: actions.

**53. mortal in folly**: very foolish.

**54. ware**: aware.

**55. be ware**: beware.

**57.** Evidently two lines from an old song. Touchstone's ballad has lost its sweetness.

**63. clown**: a country bumpkin according to Touchstone's meaning.

**71. faints for succor**: for want of succor.

**75. fleeces**: sheep What figure of speech? **graze**: feed.

**77. recks**: cares.

**79. cote**: cottage as in *sheepcote* in the next line.

**84. What is he**: who is he.

**90.** This suggestion comes with Celia's usual thoughtfulness.

**91. waste**: spend.

**95. feeder**: shepherd.

### QUESTIONS

**1.** Describe the entrance of the three. How do they show that they are weary? Is there anything comic?

**2.** Which girl is the leader now? Why?

**3.** Touchstone, you remember, is Shakespeare's own. What does he add to the scene?

**4.** Describe the dress of the girls.

**5.** At what two places in the scene does Touchstone deliberately imitate Rosalind?

**6.** Why did Shakespeare introduce the two shepherds? Describe them.

**7.** Why does he make our first glimpse of the sighing lover so brief?

**8.** Can you suggest Touchstone's expression during the lover's words? Rosalind's?

**9.** Why is Touchstone so rude to Corin? What effect does Rosalind's courtesy have?

**10.** Why do they make no inquiry for the banished Duke?

## ACT II

### Scene 5

A tuneful interlude, important because we have our first glimpse of that creation of Shakespeare's, the melancholy Jaques.

LINE **1. greenwood** ought at once to suggest Robin Hood and his merry men.

**3. turn . . . throat**: make it like a bird's note.

**5. Come hither**: Amiens is evidently expressing the feeling which these loyal young followers of Duke Senior have for this life of theirs.

**9. Jaques**: Here he is — the one discordant note in this forest life. Do not forget how carefully Shakespeare has prepared us for him.

**14. ragged**: hoarse.

**16. stanzo**: This word about which Jaques pretends such ignorance, appears in the dictionary.

**19. names**: in law used as names of debts which are owed, which explains this rather bitter speech.

**23. encounter . . . dog-apes**: a picture of two monkeys

bowing and scraping to each other with no more sincerity than the thanks of a beggar in line 26.

**28. cover**: spread the table. Picture the scene.

**32. dísputable**: disputatious.

**33. matters**: subjects for thought.

**44. in despite of**: in defiance of. **invention**: imagination.

**47.** This song is, of course, a parody on the lyric of Amiens.

**51. ducdáme**: pronounced in three syllables. This is a word of his own coining, probably not meant to be understood. In reading the last four lines, observe that they are to be accented like the last four of the song. Therefore the last line should read, *An if he will come tó me.*

**56. into a circle**: Remember that they are in a circle as they sing and talk.

**57. I'll . . . Egypt**: Perhaps Jaques means, in his sour fashion, to rail against Duke Senior, his master, whose fortunes, though he is a first born son, are so low.

**59. banquet**: dessert.

## ACT II

### Scene 6

Our thoughts go back to Scene 3 of this act when Adam warns his young master of Oliver's treachery. In the novel Rosader faints and Adam comforts him. How much better is the poet's scene when we remember Adam's loyalty to Orlando!

LINE **1. I . . . further**: What does this tell us about the distance they have traveled? What action here?

**2. for food**: for want of food.

**5. Live . . . little**: live a little longer; be comforted a little.

**6. uncouth**: This word and *desert* in line 16 suggest anything but the beautiful forest in which the Duke finds so much to enjoy.

**7. conceit**: idea or imagination; that is, you think you are nearer death than you are.

**9. arm's end**: like our more modern *at arm's length.*

### QUESTIONS

1. What dramatic purpose is served by Scenes 5 and 6?
2. Of what use to the development of the plot is Amiens with his singing in Scene 5?
3. Describe your first impressions of Jaques.
4. In what way is Duke Senior *disputable?*
5. Describe the action in Scene 6.
6. What three groups of persons, waiting to be brought into relation with one another, have, at this point, aroused our interest?
7. How has Shakespeare secured our interest?

## ACT II

### Scene 7

In this scene our acquaintance with Jaques and Duke Senior is enlarged. The philosopher meets the fool and each appreciates the other in his own way. The scene also brings Orlando and Adam to the forest. All together it is one of the most interesting in the play.

LINE **4. merry**: The First Lord's idea of Jaques as merry certainly proves his lack of observation.

**5. compact of jars**: full of discords. Observe Shakespeare's power of revealing a character in a few words.

**6. discord in the spheres**: A theory of the Greek, Pythagoras, that the heavenly bodies revolve about the earth and with each revolution a note is sounded which makes a harmony. Compare Lorenzo's speech to Jessica in the last act of "The Merchant of Venice" where he says:

> "There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims."

**11. what . . . merrily**: What do the Duke's words tell us of the change in Jaques?

**12.** Touchstone is apparently amusing himself in his new home.

**13. motley**: parti-colored dress of the fool. **a miserable**

**world**: Jaques bethinks himself of his usual pose and heaves a deep sigh.

**15. basked**: to lie in warmth.

**18. quoth**: quoth.

**19.** This is a reference to the old proverb, "Fortune favors fools."

**20. dial**: probably a watch. **poke**: the pocket or pouch which the fool always wore.

**21. lack-lustre**: wanting brightness. Touchstone may have assumed the air of boredom to draw out Jaques.

**22.** Time and change are the two phases of life particularly interesting to Shakespeare.

**28. And . . . tale**: the word *wags* in line 23 may suggest a pun in tale. "Are you reminded of Kipling's 'but that is another story'?"

**31. deep-contemplative**: deeply observant.

**32. sans**: French word for without, as used in line 165.

**34. only wear**: the only thing to wear.

**36. courtier**: Touchstone is still a snob.

**39. dry**: retentive. This passage seems to imply that Touchstone has stored up in his brain many strange bits, which he expresses in broken phrases.

**42. O . . . fool**: Perhaps you feel that he does not have to make this wish.

**44. suit**: Had suit better be read as meaning *petition*, or as meaning *dress?* Consider which sense better fits the situation.

**45. weed**: Note the play upon words and the puns which follow.

**48. charter**: liberty.

**50. galled**: vexed.

**52.** Why is the way plain?

**55. bob**: jest.

**56. anatomized**: See I, 1, 145.

**57. squandering**: random. The meaning of the passage seems to be as follows: Even if a fool manages to find a weak spot with his wit, a wise man will appear ignorant of the shot: otherwise his weakness will be revealed.

**63. counter**: a piece of metal or ivory used for reckoning in a game. Then it comes to mean a coin when scornfully alluded to.

**64.** It does not take the Duke long to turn tables on Jaques. This glimpse of his former life shows the poet's skill in enlarging our view of his characters. Such a man as Jaques could never teach men how to live.

**70.** The question means: "Who says that I can mean him?"

**71. tax**: blame.

**73. wearer's**: Jaques probably refers to spending too much money for clothes.

**75–76.** The women of the city try to imitate those of higher rank.

**79–82.** Those holding humble position dress better than they should. The whole defense is weak, for Jaques says that he has no intention of naming any individuals and therefore he will harm no one.

**87.** Does Jaques welcome the interruption?

**94. vein**: temper.

**96. inland bred**: as opposed to wilder, uncultivated districts.

**97. nurture**: breeding.

**101.** The contrast of the Duke's reply to Orlando's threat indicates the former's character.

**106.** Why should Orlando be so surprised at this courtesy?

**108.** The speech from here abounds in beauty of word and thought.

**119.** Does the Duke merely repeat the words or does he vary them in his own exquisite manner? Consider this in your reading.

**122. engendered**: called forth.

**130. sufficed**: satisfied.

**136.** This metaphor is one of the commonest in literature. Shakespeare uses it more than once. Compare Antonio's speech in "The Merchant of Venice."

> "I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
> A stage where every man must play a part,
> And mine a sad one."

**137. pageants**: What does Shakespeare mean by a pageant?

**138.** This is an opportunity which Jaques cannot afford to miss and there follows one of the best known and most frequently quoted passages in any of Shakespeare's plays. The idea of the seven ages of man has been used in art and poetry many times. Jaques draws his picture from his usual cynical point of view and intends to belittle man in all his ages. **All . . . stage**: Over the Globe Theatre was the Latin motto, "Totus mundus agit histrionem," meaning *All the world plays the actor.* Shakespeare did not have to go far for the introductory thought.

**143. Mewling**: The first syllable ought to give a hint as to the meaning.

**145.** Can you see the schoolboy — and perhaps sympathize with him?

**147. ballad**: Remember that this was a period when hundreds of love sonnets were being written including Shakespeare's own.

**149. like a pard**: like a leopard.

**153. capon**: a fattened chicken.

**155. wise saws**: wise sayings. **modern instances**: commonplace illustrations..

**162. his**: its. This long speech has, of course, been used to fill in the time while they are waiting for Orlando to return with Adam.

**173.** Note that the song seems to be the outcome of the feeling aroused by the condition of Adam and Orlando. Here Adam disappears. Has he played his part well?

**192. effigies**: likeness.

**193. limned**: lined.

### QUESTIONS

**1.** How have we been prepared for the table?

**2.** Now that we have the Duke and Jaques together, contrast them.

**3.** What has Touchstone found to do in the forest?

**4.** Why is Jaques so anxious to play the part of a fool?

**5.** Does the discontent of Touchstone and Jaques contribute

any element of unhappiness to the life of the dwellers of the forest? Does their discontent make them disloyal followers?

**6.** Put into your own words the fool's idea of time.

**7.** What sharp lesson for Jaques does the Duke point out?

**8.** How is Orlando's entrance made dramatic?

**9.** How does Jaques say his famous speech and what are the others doing? You should memorize this speech.

**10.** How does Orlando bring in Adam? Note the word, *burden*. Picture the scene here.

**11.** What do the Duke and Orlando whisper about during the song?

**12.** Give all the examples you can of the cynicism of Jaques.

**13.** How far has this act carried us in the play?

## ACT III

### Scene 1

The third act is the climax of the love plot. With the exception of the first scene it lies wholly within enchanted Arden. No wonder the spell of that witchery fell upon all the lovers, both those of high and those of low degree.

LINE **1. since**: To what time does the Duke refer?

**6. seek . . . candle**: The expression is proverbial, originating, doubtless, from the gospel of Luke xv, 8.

**7. turn**: return.

**9. Thy lands . . . hands**: This may suggest another motive for his anger.

**11. quit**: acquit.

**14.** Which is the greater villain?

**17. Make an extent**: In English law a writ to recover debts to the crown by seizure of land, goods, or even the person of the debtor. Shakespeare uses legal expressions with great freedom but not with profound legal learning. His purpose was to create an impression on his audience.

QUESTIONS

1. When does this scene take place?
2. Is there any new light thrown on the character of either of these villains?
3. Describe any action that may take place.
4. Do you feel like laughing at any point in the scene?
5. What necessary step in unfolding the plot has been effected in this short scene?

## ACT III

### Scene 2

This scene, the longest in the play, gives us a love-sick Orlando writing sonnets to his love — not so impossible an accomplishment even now. Touchstone and Jaques find their respective entertainment and Rosalind finds that her lover is in the forest to be played with as she will.

LINE **1.** What action here?

**2. thrice-crowned queen of night**: One of the many proofs that Shakespeare knew his Ovid and Virgil. The epithets *triceps*, three-headed, and *triformis*, having three forms, were applied by both poets to Luna, the goddess of the moon, who was worshiped as Diana on earth and as Proserpina in Hades.

**3. chaste**: pure eye.

4. Diana was the goddess of chastity and Orlando pictures Rosalind as one of her devotees.

5. Are we reminded of Duke Senior?

**6. character**: write.

**10. unexpressive**: beyond description. In this curious usage the pronouns *he* and *she* are treated like nouns, meaning *man* and *woman*. Thus they have no objective case-form and form a plural in *s*.

**15. naught**: bad.

**16. private**: solitary.

**21.** Touchstone is now the man of the world which was his pose when he first met Corin. You will notice that Corin is

very much of a philosopher, perhaps more of one than Touchstone realizes.

**28. of good breeding**: of lack of good breeding.

**30. a natural philosopher**: Consider the various meanings of *natural*, as in this play, I, 1, 135; I, 2, 46.

**41. parlous**: perilous.

**46. you salute . . . hands**: you do not salute without kissing your hands.

**51. fells**: fleeces.

**52. a mutton**: a sheep.

**64. perpend**: weigh carefully in the mind.

**69. God . . . raw**: *Raw* means ignorant, simple, or as we might say, green. The expression *make incision* has reference to the ancient practice of blood-letting as a remedy for disease.

**73. content . . . harm**: content when in sorrow.

**77.** Make all lines in the stanza rhyme with *lined* and see how it adds to the whimsical expression of Rosalind's face.

**81. lined**: drawn.

**82. black to**: black as compared to.

**83. fair**: beauty.

**87. butter women's . . . market**: the jog-trot of women in a row, one after another.

**88.** Why is Rosalind irritated?

**89.** Touchstone, posing as a critic, carries on the metaphor of his previous speech.

**90. infect**: pollute.

**93. graff**: As the dictionaries will show you, *graff* is the original form of the word while graft is the derived form. In Act IV, of "Macbeth," we find Malcolm using the word as follows:

"It is myself I mean: in whom I know all the particulars of vice so grafted."

**94. then . . . fruit**: If the medlar was a late or backward fruit in its ripening to what quality in Touchstone must Rosalind's mischievous teasing have reference? The entire tilt between the two is amusing. Note how quickly Touchstone changes to the fool when Rosalind and Celia appear.

**101.** Upon what are the verses written?

**102. for**: because.

**104. civil sayings**: sayings of civilized life.

**106. erring**: wandering.

**108. buckles in**: includes.

**115. quintessence**: Besides the four elements of fire, earth, air, and water, the early alchemists believed that there was a fifth essence, which was the highest. This, then, means the concentrated virtue of the spirit.

**116. in little**: in miniature.

**121. Helen**: wife of Menelaus, taken by Paris of Troy because of her beauty. This caused the Trojan War.

**122. Cleopatra**: the queen of Egypt who fascinated Antony and caused his downfall. Shakespeare makes her the heroine of "Antony and Cleopatra."

**123. Atlanta**: a beautiful Greek heroine, noted for her grace and fleetness. What is, then, *the better part* to which Orlando alludes?

**124. Lucretia**: a beautiful Roman lady dishonored by Tarquin. She is the heroine of Shakespeare's poem, "The Rape of Lucrece."

**126. synod**: council of the gods.

**128. touches**: features.

**131.** Rosalind puts on a delicious air of boredom, but watch her eyes.

**137. scrip**: a wallet. Touchstone coins *scrippage.* Do they wish to go?

**139.** Shakespeare does this charming dialogue with so much more insight than does Lodge. In the novel the two girls find the love songs at the same time, but Shakespeare makes the scene more humorous by having Celia follow Rosalind, which naturally leads to the teasing of the one and the elaborate pretense of the other. Orlando's entrance is the climax for which we have been waiting for some time.

**141. feet**: Note the lively play of words in the next few lines.

**149.** Rosalind waxes extravagant.

**150. a palm tree**: an amazing forest indeed.

**151. Pythagoras**: a Greek philosopher who is said to have originated the doctrine of transmigration of souls.

**152. Irish rat**: This refers to a superstition that rats could be driven from a house by ceremonies, such as were used in driving out evil spirits. The ceremony was conducted by a duly qualified exorcist, who chanted or hung up about the house rhymed verses bidding the rats depart under threatened pains and penalties. Evidently Shakespeare's contemporaries were much amused by the stories brought from Ireland of ancient belief in magic.

**153. trow you**: know you.

**158.** Celia distorts the old proverb: *Friends may meet, but mountains never greet*, the sense of which yields itself to a little thinking. She hints that a meeting is about to occur which had seemed as unlikely as the encounter of two mountains.

**166. out of all hooping**: beyond the power of all hooping.

**168.** Picture Rosalind's action here.

**169. caparisoned**: Rosalind is again exaggerating.

**170. One inch . . . discovery**: If you delay further, I will drown you with questions.

**179.** A hint as to his youth?

**181. stay**: wait for.

**185. speak . . . maid**: speak seriously if you are a true maid.

**190.** What action here? Note the excitement suggested by the quick, short questions.

**196. Gargantua**: a giant in Rabelais who swallowed five pilgrims at a mouthful. Shakespeare got his information in a chapbook of the time.

**203. atomies**: atoms.

**207. Jove's tree**: that is the oak which was sacred to Jupiter.

**215. holla**: stop.

**218. burden**: low accompaniment.

**222. bring me out**: put me out. Celia is an expert tease and knows how to keep Rosalind in suspense.

**232. moe**: more. Why is Jaques interested in Orlando? Orlando's retorts are as good as those of his impertinent ques-

tioner. Note that Rosalind has a chance to listen and make sure of Orlando's love.

**242. conned . . . rings**: studied the motto or posy inside the ring. Compare the last scene of "The Merchant of Venice," *a paltry ring . . . whose posy was "Love me, and leave me not."*

**244. painted cloth**: This is an allusion to old tapestries having all sorts of figures and pictures upon them.

**250.** With what a fine dignity does Orlando say this line to Jaques, the mocker.

**262.** Imagine the satirical bows which they exchange.

**272.** Note how quickly Rosalind reaches the subject of love.

**284. sen'night**: a week.

**301.** She has caught his interest.

**305. cony**: rabbit.

**309. old . . . uncle**: Rosalind displays a lively imagination, does she not? By *religious* she means *educated*.

**311. one . . . well**: That is, one who has had much experience in courts.

**325.** Odes and elegies are different kinds of poems used here by Rosalind without much thought.

**327. fancy-monger**: love-dealer.

**328. quotidian**: a daily attack of chills and fever, supposed to be a symptom of love.

**336. blue eye**: sunken with blue circles.

**337. Unquestionable**: silent.

**339. your having**: your possession.

**344. point-device**: exact.

**361.** An accurate description of the treatment of the insane which continued until a comparatively short time ago.

**368. moonish**: changeable.

**391.** What has Celia been doing all this time? Is she bored?

### QUESTIONS

**1.** How long have the lovers been in Arden?

**2.** What do you think of Orlando's verse? Did he differ from any other lover of his time? What person has already answered this question?

**3.** Contrast the courtesy and philosophy of Corin and Touchstone.

**4.** Describe all the qualities which Orlando finds in his Rosalind.

**5.** What action makes the dialogue between Rosalind and Celia amusing and even dramatic?

**6.** At what point in the scene is Rosalind made happy?

**7.** Do you think Orlando recognizes Rosalind? Defend your answer.

**8.** Why does Rosalind's wit sparkle more in this scene?

**9.** At what point in the dialogue with Rosalind does Orlando become serious? Why?

**10.** Is Rosalind satisfied at the end of the scene?

**11.** What point in the plot has been reached in this scene?

## ACT III

### Scene 3

There is nothing but Shakespeare in this scene, for only he could so perfectly burlesque the brilliant love scene which has just preceded it. Jaques has found another pair to watch with cynical eye.

LINE **1. Audrey**: short for Ethelreda. The adjective *tawdry* has interesting derivation from the fact that all sorts of gewgaws were sold at St. Audrey's fair.

**3. feature**: Touchstone means his figure but Audrey evidently never heard the word.

**6. goats**: This gives Touchstone an opportunity to pun on *capricious* and *Goths*, which was pronounced then so that it had the sound of goats.

**7. capricious**: derived from Latin *caper*, goat; therefore, changeable. **Ovid**: Roman poet who wrote "Metamorphoses," one of the most familiar of which is the story of Pyramus and Thisbe used by Shakespeare in "Midsummer Night's Dream."

**9. ill-inhabited**: poorly housed.

**10. Jove . . . house**: This refers to the story of Philemon

and Baucis when Jupiter and Mercury were given the best the humble house contained, even though their hosts did not recognize them.

**13**. **great . . . room**: a large bill of entertainment in a small inn.

**16**. Audrey, munching an apple of which fruit her pockets seem to be full, stops with open mouth at the unfamiliar word.

**18**. **truest . . . feigning**: Shakespeare liked to make gentle fun of his own art. **feigning**: pretending.

**28**. **hard-favored**: harsh-featured.

**31**. **material**: full of matter.

**34**. **foul**: Touchstone means dirty, but Audrey below means ugly.

**41**. **Sir Oliver**: Sir was often used of clergymen by Shakespeare.

**53**. On the principle that he is suspicious of anything given away.

**57**. Does Touchstone recognize Jaques? Notice his apology for Audrey and his change of manner when Jaques comes forward.

**58**. **God . . . you**: God yield you.

**60**. **covered**: put on your hat.

**65**. This advice from Jaques has its amusing side.

**71**. What kind of love has Touchstone for Audrey?

**80**. These are verses from an old song.

**87**. Sir Oliver is no fool as his last speech shows.

### QUESTIONS

**1**. Audrey comes in eating apples and tossing them to Touchstone. Picture the scene and describe Audrey.

**2**. What does Jaques enjoy most? Why does he follow Touchstone and scorn Orlando?

**3**. What is the purpose of the scene? Why is the marriage postponed?

## ACT III

### Scene 4

This scene probably takes place the morning after the second scene of this act. Rosalind is almost in tears at the non-appearance of her lover, but Celia, with delightful tact, diverts her.

LINE **7. dissembling color**: A person with red hair was supposed to be deceitful and treacherous. The comparison to Judas's hair in the next line carries on the idea, for Judas is said to have had red hair and all paintings of him show that.

**10.** Note how quickly Rosalind defends Orlando when he is criticized.

**14. holy bread**: the bread used at the sacrament.

**15. cast**: cast off.

**22. pick-up purse**: pick-pocket.

**23. verity**: honor.

**28. tapster**: anyone employed to draw liquor and therefore one who might cheat in his reckoning.

**32.** This charming indifference to her father shows how completely Rosalind is in love. Fathers may be had at any time, but lovers are different.

**39. quite traverse**: across, which showed awkwardness on the part of the tilter or fighter.

**40. puisny**: inferior or weak.

**48. pageant**: scene, as in "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Shall we their fond pageant see?"

**49. pale complexion**: the proper color for a true lover.

**55.** A bit of foreshadowing here.

#### QUESTIONS

1. What is the purpose of the scene?
2. Is Celia a good comforter? Why?
3. Why did the Duke ask Rosalind about her parentage?
4. Why does Rosalind wish to see the pageant?

## ACT III

### Scene 5

Shakespeare follows the novel here, but subordinates Phebe. Rosalind seizes at once this opportunity to indulge her desire to act her part.

LINE **5**. **Falls**: lets fall.

**7**. **dies and lives**: Certainly a peculiar order but the meaning is clear enough.

**11**. Phebe adopts irony as the surest means of making herself understood.

**13**. **who**: indicates personification.

**23**. **cicatrice**: mark. **capable impressure**: impression that can be seen.

**29**. **fancy**: love.

**31**. **love's keen arrows**: Can you see Cupid?

**33**. Phebe seems to court love's wounds and they come at once.

**36**. **all at once**: all at the same time.

**39**. **dark**: in the dark.

**40**. These questions give us the key to Phebe's change of expression.

**43**. **sale-work**: ready-made. Note Rosalind's enjoyment of the oath she uses.

**46**. Dark coloring was not considered beautiful during an age ruled over by a queen whose much praised hair was red.

**47**. **bugle**: like a black bead.

**50**. A perfect simile.

**51**. **properer**: handsomer.

**59**. **friendly**: like a friend.

**61**. **Cry**: ask.

**62**. The ugly person is the most ugly to one who scorns.

**74**. **tuft of olives**: We are reminded of the palm-tree which we have already found in this strange forest.

**80**. **Dead shepherd**: The *dead shepherd* was Christopher Marlowe, "the father of English tragedy, and creator of English blank verse," who was born in 1564, the same year with Shake-

speare, and who died in 1593, six or seven years before the composition of "As You Like It." The *saw* is from one of Marlowe's poems.

**88. extermined**: exterminated.

**92.** The line means: "And even now I do not really love you."

**94. erst**: once.

**99. grace**: favor.

**107. carlot**: peasant.

**108.** The speech which follows again illustrates Shakespeare's skill in introducing a description of one character through the words of another.

**109. peevish**: silly.

**120. lusty**: lively.

**122. constant**: uniform. Has Rosalind, upon learning that Orlando is in the forest, washed the umber off?

**124. in parcels**: bit by bit.

**132. omittance is no quittance**: an old proverb.

**137. passing**: exceedingly.

### QUESTIONS

1. Do you like Silvius as a lover or do you sympathize with Phebe?
2. Why does Rosalind take a hand in this love affair?
3. Does she direct her invitation to Silvius or to Phebe? Why?
4. Why does she change her attitude towards Silvius?
5. Describe Rosalind in detail as Phebe does.
6. Do you anticipate the letter?
7. Why is this scene put in here?

## ACT IV

### Scene 1

This scene contains a lively passage between Rosalind and Jaques in which Rosalind shows herself better able to cope with

Jaques than did even Orlando. The mock courtship naturally follows soon after the scene where the appointment was made, even though the lover is an hour late. No one is surprised at the mock marriage although Celia is a bit shocked.

LINE **5**. **in extremity**: extremely given to.

**6**. **modern censure**: ordinary judgment.

**11**. **emulation**: envy of his rivals. **fantastical**: imaginative.

**13**. **politic**: pretended sympathy for client.

**14**. **nice**: finical.

**16**. **simples**: herbs.

**17**. **sundry**: varied. **in which . . . rumination**: on which my frequent meditation. **humorous**: moody. Note that this summary of his own brand of melancholy is what you have been led to expect of Jaques, selfish in the extreme.

**19**. Rosalind's retort hits nearer the mark than she supposes, but she scorns such a mental attitude.

**30**. **lisp . . . suits**: This means to have an affected manner.

**31**. **disable**: abuse.

**34**. **swam . . . gondola**: Rosalind probably means that he had lived in Venice where he had become experienced in life. **gondola**: pronounced góndola.

**35**. Note that Rosalind delays some time in noticing and answering Orlando. Why?

**43**. **clapped**: just touched him so that he is not really in love.

**50**. **jointure**: settlement.

**53**. **leer**: look. Poor Celia is certainly having a stupid time and must be unutterably bored.

**59**. **gravelled**: stuck in the sand and therefore *stuck* here.

**60**. **are out**: are at a loss.

**61**. **God warn us**: God forbid.

**62**. **cleanliest way**: the best way.

**70**. **by attorney**: by proxy.

**72**. **videlicet**: namely.

**73**. **Troilus**: During the Trojan War Troilus, one of the sons of Priam, fell in love with Cressida. His love was not returned, for Cressida loved Diomedes, a Greek. Therefore Troilus tried to die in battle. Shakespeare uses this story in "Troilus and

Cressida" and alludes to it in "Merchant of Venice," where Lorenzo says:

> " in such a night
> Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls
> And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
> Where Cressid lay that night."

**75. Leander, he**: A common grammatical error now. Leander was drowned when swimming across the Hellespont after a visit to Hero of Sestos with whom he was in love.

**78. Hellespont**: The ancient name for the modern Dardanelles. The origin of the name is an interesting story which you should know.

**103. go to**: come. Are you reminded of a modern slang expression?

**111. commission**: authority.

**124. against**: before.

**127. like Diana in the fountain**: Evidently the Londoners of the day were accustomed to the sight of such a statue.

**128. hyen**: hyena. If other hyenas do not laugh, those known to dwellers in Arden certainly do. What sort of laughter is meant?

**153. pathetical**: shocking.

**158. religion**: observance.

**162. simply misused**: entirely abused. Celia surely has a right to scold, and yet even she does it laughingly, for it has been a charming scene.

**169. bay of Portugal**: " still used by sailors to denote that portion of the sea off the coast of Portugal from Oporto to the headlands of Cintra. The water there is excessively deep, and within a distance of forty miles from the shore it attains a depth upwards of 1400 fathoms, which in Shakespeare's time would be practically unfathomable." — Wright.

**172. bastard of Venus**: Cupid.

**173. thought**: melancholy. **spleen**: caprice.

**174. abuses**: deceives.

**177. shadow**: a place in the shade.

### QUESTIONS

1. What does Jaques especially enjoy in Rosalind? Compare this conversation with those he had with Touchstone and Orlando.
2. Define the melancholy of Jaques as he does himself. Do you regard it as a possible philosophy of life? Has it any modern counterpart?
3. Why does Rosalind keep Orlando waiting before she speaks to him?
4. How do you explain Orlando's apparent enjoyment of these interviews with Ganymede?
5. Describe the action of the mock marriage.
6. What part has Celia been playing? Is she necessary to the scene? What effect would her absence have upon Rosalind?
7. How do you know that Rosalind is excited?
8. Purpose of the scene.

## ACT IV

### Scene 2

The scene is an opportunity for a song made by the two hours of Orlando's absence.

LINE **3. like . . . conqueror**: A conquering general in Rome returned in triumph with branches of laurel typifying victory. Thus we have the suggestion of the antlers.

**13. Take . . . scorn**: do not be ashamed.

### QUESTIONS

1. What makes the charm of this scene?
2. Would you have them bring on a deer? Why?
3. Why did Shakespeare put the scene here?

## ACT IV

### Scene 3

Vengeance upon the scornful Phebe is planned and some sympathy given to poor Silvius. Another character arrives in the forest, which is gradually drawing them all within its borders, and another love affair is hinted at.

LINE **4.** Where does Celia stop a moment in this line to give an unexpected turn?

**5. Look . . . here**: This sounds almost like the modern girl.

**9. waspish**: How clearly does Shakespeare picture Phebe to us by this word!

**11. tenor**: meaning.

**13. startle**: be startled.

**14. swaggerer**: bully.

**17. phœnix**: a fabulous bird said to live, one at a time, 500 years, a new one rising from the ashes of the old. **'Od's . . . will**: Rosalind certainly enjoys her masculine privilege. She is sorry for Silvius and takes this way to conceal from him the contents of the letter.

**25. freestone-colored**: a dirty brownish color.

**27. huswife's hand**: the hand of a hard-working woman.

**34. giant-rude**: outrageously rude.

**35. Ethiope**: black. Used as an adjective here.

**39. She Phebes me**: As Phebe had practiced her cruelty on Silvius, so now, — Rosalind says, she even practices it on *her*, *i.e.* on Ganymede. Accent *me*.

**44. laid apart**: laid aside.

**48. vengeance**: An unusual meaning of *vengeance*, apparently equivalent to *harm* or *injury*.

**50. eyne**: eyes.

**53. aspect**: perhaps used as if comparing eyes to stars.

**58. seal . . . mind**: send a sealed letter by him.

**59. kind**: nature.

**70. tame snake**: expression of scorn.

**75.** Why fair ones?

**76. purlieus**: borders.

**78. bottom**: valley.

**79. rank of osiers**: row of willows.

**85.** What is the purpose of this description?

**86. favor**: appearance.

**87. ripe**: older.

**93. napkin**: handkerchief. Do not fail to notice the expressions on the faces of the two girls when they see the napkin.

**101.** Of whom was Orlando thinking?

**104.** Here begins a bit of vivid description.

**122. render**: describe.

**129. just occasion**: just opportunity for revenge.

**131. hurtling**: crashing noise.

**140. recountments**: narrations.

**159.** Almost a betrayal here.

**165. sirrah**: here used as an expletive. **body**: person.

**178. Rosalind**: Note that Oliver addresses Rosalind by her real name and not by her assumed name of Ganymede. Is he suspicious or is it natural?

## QUESTIONS

**1.** Why does Rosalind attempt to deceive Silvius? Do you think she does?

**2.** Contrast the attitude of Celia and Rosalind towards this love-sick shepherd. How do you explain it?

**3.** Are you surprised to see Oliver? Why not? How does he look?

**4.** Why does he address himself to Celia and why does she answer his questions?

**5.** Has he ever seen the girls at court?

**6.** Why does Shakespeare have Oliver tell the story of his danger rather than have it acted on the stage?

**7.** Does Rosalind really faint? Defend your answer.

**8.** Comment upon Oliver's sudden conversion.

**9.** Does he suspect anything?

**10.** As the fourth act ends why do we wait rather breathlessly for the last act?

## ACT V

### Scene 1

A note of comedy to relieve the somewhat serious close of Act IV is this opening scene of the last act. We welcome our absurd lovers again and enjoy William while we are sorry for him.

LINE **1**. Is Touchstone still in love?

**4**. How old is Jaques?

**8**. Even Audrey has her admirers here in this forest of lovers, but it is not to be wondered at that the man from the world outside is her choice.

**10**. **meat . . . me**: a familiar modern expression. Can you think of another like it?

**12**. **we . . . flouting**: we must mock.

**14**. **God . . . even**: Our *good evening* is from this expression. How do the two conduct themselves?

**15**. **sir**: Touchstone has evidently impressed William. What is Touchstone's manner?

**31**. **The heathen philosopher**: Shakespeare may have taken this from the novel where Lodge says: "Phebe is no latice for your *lips* and her *grapes* hang so high, that gaze at them you may, but touch them you cannot."

**40**. Touchstone evidently wishes to impress William and therefore shows off what, to him, is his wisdom. Is William altogether impressed?

**42**. **ipse**: Latin for himself.

**45**. Can you see Touchstone crowding William off the stage with his boastful threats?

**48**. **female**: Touchstone evidently thinks this a finer term than *woman*.

**53**. **bastinado**: to beat with a cudgel especially on the soles of the feet. **steel**: a sword. **bandy . . . faction**: strive with you in a conspiracy.

**58**. **God . . . merry**: a common form of farewell. How does William leave?

### QUESTIONS

**1.** How is the scene made amusing?

**2.** For what part of his audience did Shakespeare put it in?

**3.** What effect does another admirer have upon Touchstone's feeling for Audrey?

**4.** What is Audrey's manner towards William?

**5.** What characteristics of Touchstone does this scene bring out?

**6.** What becomes of William?

## ACT V

### Scene 2

This is a preparatory scene for the dénouement in Scene 4. Another sudden love affair does not surprise us, as we expect it in Arden.

LINE **4. persever**: always spelled and accented like this in Shakespeare's time.

**5.** Perhaps the suddenness of this love-making may be the explanation of Oliver's conversion.

**8.** Why should the older brother ask the younger's consent?

**11.** What about the claims of the other brother?

**17.** Why *brother* and *sister* here?

**20. heart**: Does Rosalind use the word purposely?

**27. greater wonders**: Does Orlando suggest that Oliver has told him of his suspicions as to the identity of this Ganymede? Rosalind certainly seizes the reins of the conversation quickly.

**30. thrasonical**: boastful. I . . . **overcame**: a translation of Caesar's famous message after the defeat of Pharnaces at Zela. The message in Latin is familiar: "Veni, vidi, vici," and Shakespeare seems fond of it, for he has used it more than once. In fact Julius Caesar is evidently one of his favorite characters.

**37. incontinent**: immediately.

**38. clubs**: "In any public affray the cry was *Clubs! Clubs!* by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants." Our policemen still carry clubs, sometimes called *billies*.

**51. conceit**: intelligence.

**53. insomuch**: since.

**56. grace me**: gain me credit.

**59. damnable**: not to be condemned to the punishment which was then dealt to those practicing magic.

**60. gesture**: bearing.

**63. inconvenient**: disagreeable.

**67. tender dearly**: hold dear. Of course, she means that she was risking her life by calling herself a magician.

**Enter Silvius and Phebe.** With the entrance of the lovers, verse begins again.

**72. ungentleness**: unkindness.

**89. fantasy**: imagination. A beautiful description of love.

**93.** The repetition of *observance* suggests that it got into the folio texts by some oversight. Numerous other readings for the word have been suggested of which *obedience* seems as good as any.

**103. howling . . . moon**: There were wolves in Ireland long after they disappeared from England. Everything Irish interested the English of Shakespeare's time. The scene ends with gratifying anticipation on the part of everyone including the audience.

### QUESTIONS

1. Is there anything here that seems unreal?
2. Explain Oliver's humble mood.
3. How much has Celia told Oliver? Discuss the possibility.
4. Does Orlando know his Rosalind now? Discuss the question.
5. Is there any difference between the Rosalind alone with Orlando and the one with Celia present?
6. Does she show any tenderness?
7. Picture the scene when Silvius describes love.
8. How is it saved from absurdity?

## ACT V

### Scene 3

An interlude which contains one of the most musical and best known of Shakespeare's songs. Of course it is necessary for the requirements of the play.

LINE **4. dishonest**: immodest. **woman of the world**: a married woman.

**9**. As they throw themselves down Audrey, with much giggling, sits with Touchstone in the middle.

**10. clap into 't roundly**: begin at once. The rest of the speech is a sharp hit at absurd apologies often heard.

**12. the only prologues**: only the prologues.

**13. a tune**: one tune, as also in *a horse* in the following line.

**18. ring time**: marriage time.

**21. acres**: fields.

**34. matter**: thought. Are we reminded of another critic in an earlier scene?

**38. God buy you**: God be with you, like our *Good-by*.

#### QUESTIONS

**1**. Describe Audrey's action in this scene.
**2**. Which is the better critic, Touchstone or Jaques?
**3**. Purpose of the scene.

## ACT V

### Scene 4

The concluding scene, which contains the dénouement, is to many critics disappointing. The light tone, however, is continued to the end, and we rejoice in the happy ending which is altogether "as we like it."

LINE **4**. This line rather obscurely aims to describe a mental state of mingled hope and fear.

**18. even**: straight.

**27. lively**: lifelike. This brief dialogue shows how nearly Rosalind was discovered. They are both suspicious.

**31. rudiments**: first principles.

**32. desperate**: "forbidden by law."

**34. obscured**: concealed.

**Enter Touchstone and Audrey.** The scene which follows is needed to give time for Rosalind to make her preparations. Note the manner of Touchstone and also of poor Audrey.

**38.** Touchstone's bow is that of a true courtier while Audrey, at his prompting, can manage only an awkward courtesy.

**42. put . . . purgation**: challenge me for proof.

**43. trod a measure**: Remember Young Lochinvar. Touchstone's idea of a courtier shows that he knows them.

**50. How seventh cause**: Touchstone's instant readiness to start off with a voluble explanation of what looks like a well-adjusted system of causes and lies should not mislead us into attempts to find order and consistency in his account of his quarrel with a certain courtier, and in his explanations of his quarrel in accordance with the rules of quarreling with which he seems so familiar. Remember that his business is to entertain and he is doing it. **like this fellow**: Jaques enjoys showing off the fool whose praises he so enthusiastically sang in Act II. Note that Touchstone rises to the occasion.

**53. I . . . like**: Allow me to return the compliment. Another bow accompanies this, perhaps several.

**55. copulatives**: those who wish to be joined together in wedlock.

**56. blood**: passion. **a . . . virgin**: Can you not imagine Audrey's complete embarrassment as she is introduced to these gentle-folk?

**61. swift and sententious**: ready and wise.

**62. the fool's bolt**: A bolt was a blunt arrow. See Henry V, III, 7, 131, *you are better at proverbs, by how much "A fool's bolt is soon shot."* **and . . . diseases**: Just Touchstone's nonsense. Compare Launcelot's *Fates and Destinies* and *such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning.* This sort of absurdity appealed to the London audience.

**66.** Touchstone, with much relish, plunges into his exposition of the *seventh cause*, not forgetting to chide poor Audrey, who, in trying to escape notice, is becoming more and more embarrassed.

**67. seeming**: becomingly.

**73. Quip**: a sharp retort. Shakespeare uses it frequently. Recall Milton's *Quips and cranks and wanton wiles* in "Allegro."

**78. Countercheck**: check or rebuff, as in chess.

**83. measured swords**: A regular preliminary of a duel with swords was the ceremony of measuring the weapons, that the parties might be seen to be on a footing of perfect equality. Touchstone's duel went as far as measuring the swords.

**84.** Jaques may well question Touchstone, whom he suspected of making the whole thing up.

**86. by the book**: There were books, which are still in existence, on the etiquette of quarreling. The particular book to which this passage refers is probably "Vincentio Saviolo his Practise. In two Books. The first intreating of the use of the rapier and Dagger. The second of Honor and honorable Quarrels."

**87. books for good manners**: books of etiquette. These are not unknown at the present time.

**97. swore brothers**: This is an allusion to *fratres jurati* (sworn brothers) of the days of chivalry. This indicated an oath to protect each other.

**101. stalking horse**: a horse, either real or the figure of one, behind which sportsmen approached their game. The Duke seems to appreciate that Touchstone is satirizing one of the affectations of the times.

**102. presentation**: cover.

**Enter Hymen.** Hymen was the god of marriage. We usually associate yellow and white and a blazing torch with him. Imagine the scene, especially the sensation created by Rosalind in her wedding garments. Can you not hear her laugh as she watches Orlando's face? **Still music**: low, soft music.

**105. atone**: are at one.

**111.** What action here?

**117.** These are Rosalind's last words. Do we, however, forget that she is present?

**125. If . . . contents**: If truth is true.

**126.** It is not difficult to understand to whom Hymen is speaking in the lines which follow.

**132. wedlock hymn**: Music always formed a part of wedding ceremonies.

**136. Juno's crown**: Juno was the presiding goddess of marriage.

**143. Even . . . degree**: The Duke has just called Celia, correctly, his niece. But to express the warmth of his feeling, he goes further and calls her daughter, welcome in no less degree than a real daughter.

**144.** Phebe finds no difficulty in returning to her old love. **eat my word**: A very modern expression.

**146.** Shakespeare tells us of the change in Duke Frederick through the story of Jaques de Boys so that the evil from outside Arden may not penetrate too sharply. How much better this is than in the novel!

**150. men of great worth**: "Touchstone bows."

**151. addressed a mighty power**: gathered a great force of armed men.

**152. in . . . conduct**: under his leadership.

**155. an old religious man**: a hermit. This forest has unending possibilities.

**156. question**: talk. **converted**: Duke Frederick is going in to a monastery.

**161. engage**: pledge.

**162. offer'st fairly**: make a goodly present.

**163. to the other**: Through his marriage to Rosalind Orlando will have a great estate.

**164. at large**: of great extent.

**165. do those ends**: accomplish those ends.

**168. shrewd**: evil.

**170. states**: estates. Amiens is standing near. Do you remember that he said in Act II, *I would not change it?* What is his attitude now?

**175.** Just as the happy couples are finding their places for the

*measure*, Jaques steps forward. There is too much happiness here for him. With apt congratulation to all the bridegrooms he goes. Note that he is a courtier still, even though he prefers to share the life of the *convertite*.

**192**. The scene ends in a charming dance. Shakespeare knew well how to make a picturesque conclusion.

## EPILOGUE

This was spoken by the boy, who was playing the part of Rosalind, in his own person directly to the audience.

LINE **1**. **It . . . fashion**: It was not the custom, in Shakespeare's time, to assign the prologue to any of the actors.

**2**. **unhandsome**: improper.

**3**. **good wine . . . bush**: A proverb referring to the ancient custom of vintners of advertising their wares by hanging a tuft of ivy at their doors.

**17**. **If . . . woman**: All the actors on the Elizabethan stage, even those who played the parts of women, were men.

**18**. **liked**: pleased.

**19**. **defied**: disliked.

**22**. **bid me farewell**: How will the audience *bid farewell?*

### QUESTIONS

**1**. Why are Duke Senior and Orlando such good friends?

**2**. How does Shakespeare manage suspense in this scene?

**3**. Discuss the possibility that the Duke and Orlando have already suspected the identity of Rosalind.

**4**. Why is the scene with Touchstone put just here? How would it be made amusing?

**5**. Describe the actions of Audrey.

**6**. Describe fully the scene of the wedding, not forgetting courtiers and countryfolk.

**7**. Is the Duke pleased with the news brought by Jaques de Boys? Defend your answer.

**8**. Is there any point in this scene where Jaques forgets to be melancholy?

**9**. Comment on the ending.

## SUBJECTS FOR ORAL AND WRITTEN COMPOSITION

**1.** Rosalynde, the Novel.

[Tell in your own words the plot of the novel and comment upon it as to its interest to you.]

**2.** The Novel and the Play.

[Compare the two, point by point, showing particularly in what ways Shakespeare improved upon the novel.]

**3.** The Forest of Arden.

[Describe the forest, collecting all the information that the play gives you.]

**4.** The Wrestling Match.

[Describe the whole scene, not forgetting the setting or the people looking on. Make the action very vivid.]

**5.** The Melancholy Jaques.

[Discuss the appearance and qualities of this character, drawing upon his past for causes and pointing out any changes brought out in the play, as well as his humor and attitude towards life.]

**6.** Rosalind.

[Write a vivid sketch of her character and appearance, making evident her importance in the play. Give your reasons for liking her.]

**7.** Musical Criticism.

[Compare Touchstone and Jaques as musical critics.]

**8.** The Lyrics of the Play.

[Comment upon the musical interludes and show that these add to the presentation of the play.]

**9.** The Court Fool.

[Look up the general subject of court fools and then describe Touchstone as an example. Mention other fools created by Shakespeare.]

**10.** Orlando as a Hero.

[Show that he is an ideal lover.]

**11.** What I Think of Celia.

[Point out the really strong character you see in her. Is she wholly subordinated by Rosalind?]

**12.** The Two Dukes.

[Contrast their characters.]

**13.** Shepherd Life.

[Make a picture of the pastoral life as seen in the play.]

**14.** Love at First Sight.

[Comment upon Shakespeare's skill in making sudden love realistic. Is it possible to-day?]

**15.** The Most Interesting Person in the Play.

[Support your choice with reasons of your own and with reference to the play.]

**16.** A Heroic Deed.

[Describe the scene where Orlando saves Oliver.]

**17.** Loyalty.

[Illustrate this great quality by reference to characters and incidents in the play.]

**18.** The Humor of the Play.

[Explain how Shakespeare develops the amusing scenes of the play and what characters contribute to it.]

**19.** Touchstone, Launcelot, and Wamba.

[Make a comparison of these.]

**20.** "All the World's a Stage."

[Comment at length upon the theme of this great speech. Is it modern? How could it be illustrated?]

## Subjects for Composition.

**21.** The Revelation.

[Describe the scenes of the wedding, not forgetting the dance of Hymen.]

**22.** Friends.

> "And, wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
> Still we went coupled and inseparable."

[Discuss the theme expressed above as exemplified in Celia and Rosalind.]

**23.** The Title of the Play.

[Discuss "As You Like It" as a title. Suggest others and consider the merits of each.]

**24.** Prose and Verse in the Play.

[Quote passages of both types; note the circumstances and character of each; state your conclusions as to the use of prose and verse form by Shakespeare.]

**25.** References to Mythology in "As You Like It."

[Make a collection of all references to mythical stories and discuss Shakespeare's use and knowledge of mythology.]

**26.** Managing the Play.

[Imagine yourself a stage-manager and decide what scenes you would omit in your presentation of the play to-day. Give your reasons.]

**27.** My Favorite Passages.

[Quote several and explain your choice.]

**28.** A Peep at the Attempted Marriage.

[Describe the scene where Touchstone and Audrey are about to be married by Sir Oliver.]

**29.** A Peep at the Mock Marriage.

[Be an onlooker at Rosalind's mock marriage.]

**30.** Life in the Forest.

[Make this an essay on the charm of the life led by Duke Senior and contrast it with that of the court.]

**31.** The Ending of the Play.

[Is the conclusion satisfactory to you? How would you change it? Discuss these questions.]

**32.** Shakespeare as a Lover of Nature.

[Collect proofs and show the poet's knowledge of the life of the woods.]

**33.** Lessons One Learns from "As You Like It."

[State what you think was Shakespeare's purpose in writing the play. What lessons does one learn from the life of Duke Senior; from Jaques; from the incidents connected with Touchstone; Rosalind?]

**Imaginative Subjects**

The following subjects call for imagination and originality as well as knowledge of the play itself. They may be told in various ways, either in the first person in the form of a letter or a journal, or as a short story, a one-act play, an essay. In all of them begin with the facts and atmosphere given you by Shakespeare. Then use your imagination freely, though what you imagine should always be possible and the more probable the better.

**34.** The Childhood of Rosalind and Celia.

[ Describe their younger days either before the quarrel between their fathers or after.]

**35.** Two Brothers.

[Give a picture of the youth of Orlando and Oliver suggesting that " the boy is father of the man."]

**36.** I Meet Touchstone.

[Make a lively picture in the first person of your experiences with Touchstone.]

## Subjects for Composition.

**37.** On the Way to Arden.

[Describe the journey of Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone to the forest.]

**38.** Hunting in the Forest of Arden.

[Look up descriptions of ancient boar hunting and base your description on that.]

**39.** The Death of Sir Rowland de Boys.

[This might be told in several ways; for instance, in a dialogue between Orlando and Rosalind.]

**40.** A Day with Rosalind and Celia.

[This may be in the forest or after their marriage.]

**41.** A Sudden Encounter with Jaques.

[You might come upon him while he meditates under a tree and draw from him his views on life.]

**42.** Adam's Last Days.

[Make a realistic picture of the end of this good old man's life.]

**43.** A Day with Corin and Silvius.

[Follow them through their work and leisure.]

**44.** Adam's Early Life.

[In the description bring out the characters of the de Boys family as well as that of Adam.]

**45.** A Page to the Duke.

[Imagine yourself one and describe your life.]

**46.** William.

[Follow him and give some hint as to his future.]

**47.** Orlando in Love.

[Describe his thoughts while writing his verses and after his talks with Rosalind.]

**48.** Do Men Die for Love?

[Your opinion of this momentous question.]

**49.** The Future of Phebe and Silvius.

[A good short story might be developed here.]

**50.** "A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees."

[Describe not only the cottage but the life led there by Celia and Rosalind.]

**51.** A Day in the Forest of Arden.

[Write this in the first person.]

**52.** Life at Court.

[As told by one of Duke Frederick's attendants.]

**53.** A Visit to the Convent.

[A picture of Duke Frederick— at the Monastery.]

**54.** The Future of Jaques.

[Use your imagination here, for there are many possibilities.]

## GLOSSARY

**Accord**: agree.
**Acres**: fields.
**Addressed**: prepared.
**Albeit**: although.
**Allottery**: share.
**Anatomize**: lay bare completely.
**As**: as for example.
**Assayed**: attempted.
**Atomies**: atoms.
**Attorney**: proxy.

**Bandy**: contend.
**Banquet**: dessert.
**Basked**: lie in warmth.
**Bastinado**: beating, especially on soles of the feet.
**Batlet**: bat for beating the clothes when they are being washed.
**Bills**: weapons.
**Bob**: jest.
**Body**: person.
**Bon jour**: French for *good day*.
**Bonny priser**: big champion.
**Bottom**: valley.
**Breed**: bring up, educate.
**Broken music**: part music arranged for different instruments.
**Buckles in**: includes or surrounds.
**Bugle**: like a black bead.
**Burden**: low accompaniment to a song.
**Burghers**: citizens.
**Butchery**: slaughter-house.
**By my troth**: a common oath of the time; *troth* means *truth*.

**Calling**: name.
**Capable impressure**: impression that can be seen.
**Capers**: actions.
**Capon**: a fattened chicken.
**Capricious**: used as a play of words upon its derivation from Latin, *caper*, a *goat*. Its meaning here is *changeable*.
**Carlot**: peasant.
**Cast**: cast off.
**Character**: write (Act III, 2, 6).
**Charter**: liberty.
**Chase**: reasoning.
**Chaste**: pure.
**Churlish**: miserly.
**Cicatrice**: mark.
**Civil sayings**: sober, civilized sayings.
**Clap into it roundly**: begin a song at once.
**Cods**: peas.
**Color**: kind.
**Come your ways**: come on.
**Commission**: authority.
**Compact**: composed of.
**Conceit**: imagination or mental capacity.
**Conduct**: leadership.
**Contemplative**: observant.
**Contriver**: plotter.
**Convertites**: converts.
**Cony**: rabbit.
**Cope**: encounter.
**Copulatives**: candidates for marriage.
**Cote**: cottage.
**Countenance**: behavior.
**Counter**: a piece of metal or ivory used as a means of

reckoning in a game; thus it comes to mean worthless wage.

**Cousin**: used for *niece* (Act I, 2, 147).

**Cross**: money. English coins were marked with a cross so that they could be broken into four pieces.

**Crown**: an English coin.

**Curtle axe**: short sword.

**Damnable**: worthy of condemnation.

**Defied**: displeased.

**Desperate**: forbidden by law.

**Destinies**: fates.

**Dial**: a watch.

**Disable**: abuse.

**Dishonest**: immodest.

**Disputable**: fond of disputing.

**Diverted**: unnatural.

**Dotes**: delights in.

**Doublet and hose**: coat and breeches.

**Dry**: retentive.

**Ducdâme**: pronounced in three syllables. Probably a word coined by Jaques and not meant to be understood.

**Eat**: eaten.

**Effigies**: likeness.

**Eke**: help out.

**Emulation**: envy of his rivals.

**Emulator**: envious rival.

**Engage**: pledge.

**Engendered**: called forth.

**Envenoms**: makes an object of hatred.

**Erring**: wandering.

**Erst**: once.

**Exempt**: free from.

**Extent**: seizure.

**Extermined**: exterminated.

**Eyne**: eyes.

**Faction**: quarrel.

**Fain**: be glad to.

**Fair**: beauty (Act III, 2, 83).

**Falls**: lets fall.

**Fancy-monger**: love dealer.

**Fantasy**: love.

**Fashion**: manner.

**Favor**: appearance

**Feature**: figure.

**Feeder**: shepherd.

**Fells**: fleeces.

**Fleeces**: sheep.

**Fleet**: make to fly.

**Flout**: mock.

**Flux**: flow.

**Foil**: defeat.

**Fond**: foolish.

**For**: because (Act III, 2, 102).

**Forked heads**: arrows with two points stretching forwards.

**Freestone-colored**: a dirty brownish color.

**Full of the pasture**: having eaten.

**Furnished**: dressed.

**Galled**: vexed.

**Gamester**: lively fellow.

**Ganymede**: a beautiful boy, who served Jupiter as his page.

**Gargantua**: a giant in Rabelais, who swallowed five pilgrims at once.

**Gesture**: bearing.

**Get you in**: leave me.

**Giant-rude**: outrageously rude.

**Go alone**: walk without help.

**God ye good even**: God give you good evening.

**Golden world**: golden age.

**Goldenly**: in praise of.

**Grace**: favor (Act III, 5, 99).

**Grace himself on thee**: honor himself at your expense.

**Graces**: virtues.
**Graff**: graft.
**Gravelled**: stranded.
**Graze**: feed.

**Hard adventure**: unfortunately.
**Hard-favored**: harsh featured.
**Harm**: sorrow.
**Have with you**: come on.
**Having**: possession.
**Hinds**: lowest servants.
**Holla**: stop.
**Holy**: sacramental.
**Honest**: virtuous.
**Hooping**: beyond the bounds of wondering.
**Housewife**: pronounced hús-wĭf.
**How now**: what now.
**Humorous**: full of moods.
**Hurtling**: crashing noise.
**Husbandry**: thrift.
**Hyen**: hyena.

**Ill-inhabited**: poorly housed.
**Importunes**: begs.
**Incision**: better understanding.
**Incontinent**: immediately.
**Inconvenient**: disagreeable.
**Infect**: pollute.
**In lieu of**: in return for.
**In little**: in miniature.
**Intendment**: intention.
**Invectively**: bitterly.
**Invention**: imagination.
**Ipse**: Latin for *he himself*.
**Irish rat**: Irish witches could berhyme man or beast to death.
**Irks**: irritates.
**Irrevocable**: not to be recalled.

**Jars**: discordant sounds.
**Jointure**: settlement.
**Juno's swans**: Probably Shakespeare meant Venus's swan-drawn chariot.

**Kind**: nature.
**Kindle**: incite.

**Lack-lustre**: wanting brightness.
**Learn**: teach.
**Leer**: look or countenance.
**Lesser**: smaller.
**Liked**: pleased.
**Likelihood**: likeness.
**Limned**: lined.
**Lineaments**: features.
**Lined**: drawn.
**Lively**: life-like.

**Manage**: training of a horse.
**Marry**: an expletive which formerly came from the oath to the Virgin Mary.
**Material**: full of matter.
**Matter**: subject for thought.
**Measure**: a formal dance.
**Meed**: reward.
**Memory**: memorial.
**Mines**: undermines.
**Misconstrues**: misunderstands.
**Misprised**: undervalued.
**Moe**: more.
**Moonish**: changeable.
**Moralize**: extract a lesson.
**Mortal in folly**: excessively foolish.
**Motley**: parti-colored dress of the fool.
**Mutton**: sheep.

**Napkin**: handkerchief.
**Natural**: natural brother, that is, by birth.
**Nature's natural**: idiot.
**Naught**: be as nothing.
**Needless**: not needing.

**Nice**: trifling.
**Noble device**: lofty ideals.
**Nominate**: name.
**Nurture**: breeding.

**Obscured**: hidden.
**Occasion**: opportunity.
**Old custom**: long continued habit.
**Out of suits**: out of favor.

**Painted cloth**: old tapestries with all sorts of figures and pictures on them.
**Parcels**: bit by bit.
**Pard**: leopard.
**Parlous**: perilous.
**Passing**: exceedingly.
**Pathetical**: shocking.
**Patience**: permission.
**Peascod**: pod containing peas.
**Peevish**: silly.
**Penury**: poverty.
**Perforce**: by force.
**Phœnix**: a bird said to live, one at a time for 500 years, a new one rising from the ashes of the old.
**Pick-up purse**: pick-pocket.
**Point-device**: exact.
**Poke**: pouch or pocket.
**Politic**: pretended sympathy for a client.
**Power**: army.
**Practices**: plans.
**Presentation**: semblance.
**Prithee**: pray thee.
**Private**: solitary.
**Properer**: handsomer.
**Puisny**: inferior or weak.
**Purgation**: vindication (Act I, 3, 51), proof (Act V, 4, 43).
**Purlieus**: borders.

**Quail**: cease.
**Quintain**: a wooden post or figure, with revolving arms, to be used in tilting. The object was to hit one arm without being hit by the other.
**Quintessence**: concentrated virtue.
**Quip**: sharp jest.
**Quit**: acquit.
**Quoth**: said.
**Quotidian**: daily attacks of chills and fever, supposed to be a symptom of love.

**Ragged**: hoarse.
**Ranged**: gone.
**Rank, butter women's**: file, jog-trot (Act II, 2, 87), row (Act IV, 3, 79).
**Rankness**: insolence.
**Reason**: talk.
**Recks**: cares.
**Recountments**: narratives.
**Religion**: observance.
**Religious**: educated.
**Remembrance**: memory.
**Remorse**: pity.
**Render**: describe.
**Requite**: reward.
**Reverence, his**: the respect due him.
**Ring time**: time for marriage.
**Ripe**: older.
**Roynish**: base.
**Rumination**: meditation.

**Sale-work**: ready-made.
**Sans**: French for *without*.
**Saws**: sayings.
**Scrip**: wallet.
**Semblance**: outside appearance.
**Sen'night**: a week.
**Sententious**: wise.
**Sequestered**: separated from.

**Shadow**: shady place.
**Shrewd**: evil.
**Simples**: herbs.
**Smother**: thick smoke.
**Snake**: used as term of scorn.
**So**: provided that.
**Speed**: protector.
**Spleen**: caprice.
**Squandering**: random.
**Stalking horse**: a horse or figure behind which sportsmen approached their game.
**Startle**: be startled.
**States**: estates.
**Stay**: keep or wait for.
**Sticks**: stabs.
**Still**: always.
**Suddenly**: immediately.
**Sufficed**: satisfied.
**Suit**: dress (Act II, 7, 44), petition (Act I, 2, 173).
**Sundry**: varied.
**Swaggerer**: bully.
**Swashing**: swaggering.
**Swift**: ready.
**Synod**: council.

**Ta'en up**: made up.
**Tapster**: one employed to draw liquor and therefore one who might cheat.
**Tax**: blame.
**Taxation**: satire.
**Tempered**: composed.
**Tender dearly**: value highly.
**Tenor**: meaning.
**Testament**: will.
**Thither**: thereto.
**Thought**: melancholy (Act IV, 1, 173).
**Thrasonical**: boastful.
**Thrifty hire**: wages saved by thrift.
**Trow**: know.

**Umber**: brown ocher.
**Underhand**: indirect.
**Unexpressive**: beyond description.
**Ungentleness**: unkindness.
**Unhandsome**: improper.
**Unquestionable**: silent.

**Vein**: temper.
**Verity**: honor.
**Videlicet**: namely.

**Ware**: aware.
**Waste**: spend.
**Well-breathed**: well started.
**Whetstone**: sharpener.
**Withal**: with the whole matter.
**Woman of the world**: married woman.
**Wrath**: passion.

CHARLES BERRY